

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

— *Amor Omnibus Idem.* Virg. Georg. Lib. 3.

L O N D O N :

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P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. C I B B E R.

IN those far Climes where Phœbus' absent Ray
A full Half-Year denies the Joys of Day,
All, thro' the dreary Land, sad Silence keep,
And, wrap'd in Darkness, only live to sleep:
But when gay Titan, with requickning Light,
Undraws the sable Curtains of the Night,
With Songs of Joy they hail him on the Road,
And bless the Influence of the Genial God.

Britannia thus, with Folly's Gloom o'ercast,
Has slumb'ring lain near half a Cent'ry past,
But now what Joy! to find the Night is o'er!
To see the Lamp of Science shine once more;
To see the Reign of Farce and Dulness end,
And Albion's noble Fair to Shakespear's Sense attend.

'Twas this gave Birth to our Attempt to-night,
Fond to bring more of his rich Scenes to light:
But conscious how unequal to the Task,
Our Bard scarce dares your Clemency to ask:
What Muse so sweet that can like Shakespear's sing!
What Pinions soar like Shakespear's Eagle Wing!
Howe'er, this Merit he at least can claim,
That sacred Decency's his constant Aim;
There's nought but what an Anchoret might hear,
No Sentence that can wound the chastest Ear:
Satire's keen Shafts he freely deals, 'tis true,
And boldly gives the Fool and Knave their Due,
Secure that none of those can glance on you.

To You, ye Fair, for Refuge now he flies,
And as you smile or frown, he lives or dies:
You are the ablest Judges of this Play,
Since Love's almighty Pow'r's his Theme to-day:
To your Protection Shakespear's Offspring take,
And save the Orphan for the Father's Sake.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Gratiano, <i>Duke of Genoa,</i>	<i>Mr. Millward.</i>
Bellario, <i>a young Venetian Lord,</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
Protheus, <i>a Nobleman of Genoa,</i>	<i>Mr. Quin.</i>
Joculo, <i>a Court Jester,</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
Byron, <i>Bastard-Brother to the Duke,</i>	<i>Mr. Berry.</i>
Gremio, <i>his Favourite,</i>	<i>Mr. Winstone.</i>
Lucentius, <i>Tutor to Bellario,</i>	<i>Mr. Shephard.</i>
Porco, } <i>Constables of the Watch,</i>	{ <i>Mr. Harper.</i>
Asino, }	{ <i>Mr. Mechlin.</i>

W O M E N.

Lucilia, <i>Daughter to the Duke,</i>	<i>Mrs. Butler.</i>
Liberia, <i>Neice to the Duke,</i>	<i>Mrs. Clive.</i>
Delia, <i>Attendant on Lucilia,</i>	<i>Mrs. Pritchard.</i>

Priests, Messengers, Watchmen, Attendants, &c.

S C E N E G E N O A.

March 17. 1736. *Next Week will be Published,*
(To which is prefix'd a Frontispiece Representing King Charles's
Parting with his Children)

* * * K I N G C H A R L E S I. *An Historical Play.*
Written in Imitation of *Shakespear*: As it is now A^cting at the
Theatre-Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

——— *Quis talia fando*
Temperet à lachrymis? ———

Virg.



T O

Frederick Frankland, Esq;

S I R,



S the Share You
honour me with in
your Friendship is
what I highly value
my self upon, and as I have it

A 2

no

D E D I C A T I O N,

no way in my Power to make any Return either for That, or the many other Obligations you have conferred on me, except the Incense of a Grateful Heart, it is with the highest Pleasure I take this Opportunity of offering that Tribute.

And yet at the same time I am afraid lest I should give you some Uneasiness, Sir, by this publick manner of doing it; as knowing your Favours to be so absolutely disinterested, that 'tis with Reluctance you suffer even the bare Acknowledgment of them.

The

DEDICATION.

The strict Regard I have had to Decency and good Manners throughout the following Piece is the principal Merit I pretend to in it, and I am satisfy'd, Sir, that it is the most powerful Plea I can possibly urge for your Acceptance of it.

The extraordinary kind Reception which this Performance has met with from the Town is a strong Proof that People may be very well diverted with Exhibitions of this kind, without the least Violence being offered to Virtue, Truth or Humanity, and that

DEDICATION.

that the World is at present
happily inclin'd to support what
is produced with that Inten-
tion.

I am, with the greatest Re-
spect,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient

humble Servant.



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A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *A FOREST.*

BELLARIO *and* LUCENTIUS.

LUCENTIUS.



OME, come, my Lord, 'tis in vain to dissemble;
that deep Thoughtfulness, those downcast Looks,
and those involuntary Sighs, carry a Meaning with
'em which one of my Age and Observation in Life
can't long be a Stranger to. — But I transgress,
perhaps, by insisting so long on this Subject.

Bell. No, *Lucentius*, you can't deal too freely with me upon
it: — I must own, tho' with blushing, that Love has at
last found a way to my Heart. — Come, my good old Tutor,
and chastise me for this Folly; rally me without Reserve for
being guilty of such a Weakness.

Lucen. No, my Lord, even the cold Severity of Old Age
can't induce me to condemn so generous a Passion. Your In-
fancy was spent under my Care; I observ'd in you such excel-

B

lent

lent Talents as proclaim'd the Blood you sprung from, but at the same time was grieved to perceive no Footsteps of the tender Passion; this was the only Accomplishment wanting, and I am therefore transported at your being sensible of it.

Bell. If I have hitherto slighted the Power of Love it takes its fill of Revenge for it now. When I first arrived at *Genoa* I was surpris'd at the Charms of lovely *Lucilia*, Daughter to the Duke here; but then I beheld 'em with no other Regard than I should have view'd those of a Painting or Statue: Her blooming Beauties inspir'd my Soul with no secret Inclination; but what her soft, her gentle Frame could not effect, her haughty disdainful Soul too soon accomplish'd: When I found her, like another *Diana*, frequenting the Forests and delighting only in the Chace, whilst all the *Italian* Youths were left to sigh in vain; then, then, *Lucentius*, Ambition begot Love in me: O the Glory and Rapture of triumphing over such Coldness! In short, by the Vanity of aiming at a Conquest over her Heart, I have irrecoverably lost my own.

Lucen. But to what purpose, my Lord, do you make so great a Secret of your Passion?

Bell. What must I expect from the Discovery, *Lucentius*, but bringing on me the Contempt of her insolent Spirit, like the rest of her Admirers? who owning themselves Lovers makes her treat 'em as Spaniels: Their Usage is a sufficient Warning to me.

Lucen. Not at all, my Lord, not at all: If there was a Favourite in the Case you might have reason to despair, but when there's nothing but a little Female Pride in the way — Psha, Psha, Psha! Why 'tis only so much as to say, that none but a dauntless Champion shall win me. — I know the Sex — ay, ay, I know 'em. — Why, I warrant she's half distracted that you han't attack'd her before now. — Come, come, my Lord, discover your Inclinations, and go manfully to work; don't tremble at other Peoples want of Success, but let *Courage* be the Word, and secure your own.

Bell. I am glad your Opinion, *Lucentius*, agrees with my own, for, like a true Lover, I have been asking Advice when 'twas too late to take it; for there's a Person, you must know, whom I have already employ'd to reveal it to her: This Hunting-Match which she has appointed to-day, in contradiction

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tradition to the magnificent Sports, which are to be given by her Lovers in honour of her Birth-Day, is the Opportunity which *Joculo* takes to speak to her.

Lucen. Who? *Joculo*! *Joculo*, my Lord.

Bell. You wonder, I see, *Lucentius*, at my Choice of a Confident: You think him a Fool perhaps, but he's far from being so; and, notwithstanding his Employment of Court-Jester, he has more Sense than many in a higher Station who take upon 'em to laugh at him. His shrewd Wit and Talent at Rallery are agreeable to *Lucilia*; then he has the Liberty of saying any thing by virtue of his Office, and he can often give her a serviceable Hint in a Jest, which would not be taken so well in earnest.

Lucen. O dear, dear, dear! what a strange World this is, that People of Rank should be directed in the Disposal of their Favours by their Lacqueys and Buffoons!

Bell. But here comes *Joculo*: Let us now examine what Progress he has made.

Enter JOCULO.

Jocu. Well, my Lord, this Lady of ours has a strange contradictory Temper of her own; she does not only refuse going to these Martial Exercises, which her Knight-Errants have reviv'd to-day out of pure Compliance with her Ladyship's singular Humour; but to put a greater Contempt on 'em she must needs make a Visit to the wild Beasts here.

Bell. But, *Joculo*, have you had any Opportunity yet of mentioning —

Jocu. No, my Lord, to say the truth, I have done nothing yet; the Office of a Buffoon has its Privileges and Prerogatives; but we must, like other great Courtiers, watch for your Seasonable Minutes: 'Tis a ticklish thing, you must know, to talk of such a Business to her; for she bids horrible Defiance to all Vows, Protestations, Sighs, Ogles, and Billet-doux, declares bitter War against conjugal Bands, and treats *Cupid* like a rascally Deity. — But let me alone to manage it by degrees; I am in your Interest, that's enough. I love Men of Merit, that's all.

Bell. And so do I, *Joculo*, and reward 'em too. — Lookye, Sir, here's a Purse of most exquisite Workmanship; you must keep this for my sake.

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Jocu. Pardon me, my Lord, by no means; no, by no means, indeed. — I won't touch it upon my Honour; I'm quite above all those things, I assure you. [*Seeing Bellario offer to put up the Purse.*] However, my Lord, I would not willingly affront you neither; no, no, I'll sooner accept of it than do that. — I'm glad I thought of that in Time — [*Aside.*]

Bell. [*Giving him the Purse.*] Ay, now thou speak'st like thy self.

Jocu. Why that's true too: I had forgot I was a Courtier sure! — Well, my Lord, I believe I may keep the Purse for your sake, but I can't promise for what's in't. The next Favour I have to ask for my self, that must be transferr'd into another's Clutches.

Lucen. So Bribing, and being bribed, goes round in a Circle.

Jocu. Ay, ay, this is our dear Life's Blood; if this does not circulate freely every thing here is presently at a stand. — Why, Sir, tho' we hate speaking Truth, yet we won't ev'n tell a Lye for any body without a Bribe. — Well, my Lord, give me your Hand, I'll take care of you; and, to say the truth, I'm bound by virtue of my Post to do it.

Bell. How so, *Joculo*?

Jocu. Because I am a Fool by my Office, you know; and you are a Lover, by Profession, my Lord.

Bell. Well, and what then, Sirrah?

Jocu. What then! why then one Fool ought to help another, that's all, Ha, ha, ha! You won't be angry, my Lord, I only assume a Privilege that belongs to me.

Bell. Thou art a merry Rascal, always employ'd in the Business of thy Profession.

Jocu. Ah, my Lord, a Man of my Employment can never want Business at Court: My Place is very different from most of 'em there; there's nothing to do for many but to receive the Pay; and 'tis well there is not; 'twon'd be scurvily done else by those that have 'em.

Bell. Oh brave *Joculo*!

Jocu. Nay, this is more than a Jest, my Lord; now my Place would furnish out Business for as many Tongues as *Argus* had Eyes; one Drawing-Room gives occasion enough for Laughing a Fortnight together.

Bell.

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Bell. *Joculo* is in the right, *Lucentius*; there's nothing more truly the Subject of Ridicule than the ceremonious Buffoonry of the various Actors there.

Jocu. Good, my Lord, where a true-bred Courtier changes Shapes and Faces, as often as *Harlequin* in a Farce; hugs a Man with the Fever of Affection this Moment, and the next, if he is but ask'd his Name, cries out with an Air of Astonishment—Pooh! how should I know the Fellow's Name? I never saw him twice in my Life before.—Upon which he turns on his Heel to his Circle of Parasites, and promises the same Place to twenty in a Breath, which he had given to his Pimp the Morning before—When I see this, why I must laugh, Ha, ha!

Lucen. And, what is more diverting still, that they should be all such Oafs as to believe him too.

Jocu. Oh! they must starve if they did not do that.

Bell. How so, pr'ythee?

Jocu. Because Hopes are all they have to live on.—Next, my Lord, I present you with a solemn gouty overgrown Frier, just come from preaching up Poverty and Contentment, here standing bow'd to a Strumpet of Distinction, most humbly beseeching her Interest for a fat *Sine-cure*; when Madam, with a Curtsey of Approbation, assures him of his Request, thanks him for his excellent Discourse, and before his Back is well turn'd—cries, Fogh! how the Porpus smelt of Divinity! Ha, ha, ha! Why must not I laugh then, hey, my Lord?

Bell. Ha, ha, ha!—Go on, *Joculo*; why thou hast an excellent Hand at this kind of Painting.

Jocu. Next, Gentlemen, you have an old weather-beaten Officer bringing his young blooming Wife to solicit Preference for him: Whisk! she pierces like Lightning thro' the Crowd, whispers a great Man in the Ear, makes an Assignment at the Opera with him, and then returning, with the most serene Modesty, chucks her Warrior under the Chin, and cries— I have done your Business for you, my Love. Ha, ha, ha! why I must laugh now, and who cou'd help it?

Bell. Excellently perform'd! — Pray proceed.

Jocu. Here, my Lord, you may see a haughty big-looking Judge cringe to a gaudy Velvet Rook, whom he would have sent to the Gibbet long before, if his Knavery had not been screen'd by Success; and a clumsy purse-proud Cit making his

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awkward Compliments to a courteous Count for the Honour of his last Visit, when he seduc'd his Wife, and got a Fool to inherit the Possessions of a Knave.

Lucen. True enough; all true.

Jocu. Here you may see some sweating and panting to get within the Circle merely for the sake of a Glance or a Bow, and others sneaking off with Anguish and Confusion because they have mis'd of it — A Courtesan in one Corner deciding the Affairs of the Nation, and a Statesman in the next getting Subscriptions for a Masquerade; Ha, ha, ha! Now, when I see this pleasant Farce acted over and over, I'gad I must laugh, and most immoderately too.

Bell. But harkye, Sirrah, you come so nigh Truth in your Rallery, that it may be more than a Jest to thy self at last.

Jocu. Oh, my Lord, I have a Patent for speaking Truth, or else I should be a Fool indeed to utter it within the Walls of a Palace.

Bell. But this is not the way to get Preferment, Sir.

Jocu. Why, that's true; your great People are above paying any regard to Merit; 'tis their Pride that they are high enough to prefer in despite of it; they are resolv'd that their Favours shall be quite voluntary, and therefore always confer 'em on those who could never pretend to the least grain of Desert.

Bell. Nay, that's going a little beyond Truth, *Joculo*, for we see Men of Merit in the highest Stations.

Jocu. Ah lack-a-day, my Lord, that may be — but few of 'em got there by their Merit, tho' — no, no, 'twas for some particular Humour or Folly that belong'd to 'em — for we of the greatest Merit have our Failings.

Bell. What a sarcastical Knave thou art!

Jocu. One Man, with his Merit, may have a Talent at Flattery — why he's preferr'd: Another may play well on the Fiddle — he's presently preferr'd: Another may have a Knack at bowing low — he rises in time: And another — why he may have a pretty Sister or Wife — and he's sure to be preferr'd.

Bell. O' my Conscience, *Lucentius*, the Rogue has hit it.

Jocu. But hilt! here comes *Lucilia*; I'll about your Business directly, my Lord.

Bell. No, hold, *Joculo*, I have thought better of it; I see plainly that she's resolv'd to despise all who think to gain her
by

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by Submission; I shall therefore take a different Method to try her. If dear *Cupid* prove but propitious to me in this Stratagem he may crown my Wishes, and revenge himself at the same time. — It must, it shall succeed.

Lucen. Ay, ay, ay, this is something like, my Lord; now you take courage you'll do the Business.

Jocu. True, these haughty Dames despise your sneaking cringing Milkops; they love to have a tight Struggle, that when they do yield they may have some Excuse for it. — But mayn't we know the Particulars of your Scheme?

Bell. You shall see — follow me, and be silent. [*Exeunt.*]

Jocu. Fare you well, my Lord; I must stay here, for I see her Ladyship is coming, and there's nothing to be done without us: — Now can't I help wondering what a Court can mean by keeping up such a Post as mine: What the Duce need they hire People to play the Fool, when they have so many about 'em that play it naturally? O' my Conscience 'tis only to have somebody to laugh at, who may appear at least more silly than themselves.

Enter LUCILIA, LIBERIA, DELIA.

Lucil. How charming and agreeable is a little Solitude to us who are eternally surrounded and teiz'd with Multitudes! and what Satisfaction to converse a little with one's own Thoughts and Desires, free from the Impertinence of Flattery and Folly! O, my dear *Liberia*, how I love these lonely Forests, these Scenes of Freedom and Innocence! There's nothing here but what enchants the Eye. — What are all the gilded Toys of a Palace to these simple Beauties of Nature?

Lib. Why ay, Cousin, such a Retreat as this, at the very Gate of a Court, is well enough sometimes to give one a stronger Relish for succeeding Gaieties within; but in this time of general Joy it looks, methinks, a little unseasonable, and I am afraid 'twill be taken as a direct Affront to the young Lords, who give this magnificent Entertainment on your Account.

Lucil. What Right have they to expect my Presence? How am I oblig'd to 'em for their Magnificence? They act in this manner for themselves, not me. My Heart is the Prize, it seems, and this is the Method they take to win it; but they may find themselves deceiv'd.

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Lib. My sweet Cousin, how long will this flinty Heart of yours be provok'd at every innocent Attempt to touch it: You look upon the Addressees of your Admirers as so many criminal Plots against your Person: Where would be the Pleasure of Breathing if Love were banish'd out of the World? To live without loving is, properly speaking, not to live at all.

Delia. I am of your Cousin's Opinion, Madam, all Pleasures are insipid unless season'd with that.

Lucil. Astonishing Notions! Why 'tis nothing but Error, Weakness, and Extravagance: No, I'll maintain the Honour of my Sex against all those Sighs, Homages and Respects, which are only Snares to overthrow it: Men only pretend to be our Slaves the present Hour, in order to be real Tyrants to us for the future.

Lib. Take care, my Dear, *Cupid's* a testy little Urchin, and knows how to revenge any Slight cast upon him.—Come, *Joculo*, how came you silent so long? Won't you help to defend Love against my Cousin's Opinion?

Lucil. Nay, then you'll have a powerful Advocate indeed.

Jocu. Troth, Madam, after my Example I think there'll be nothing more to be said; I defy'd him most heroically for a long time I must own, but at length the Trickster juggled me out o' my Senses.

Lib. *Joculo*, in Love!

Jocu. Yes, *Joculo* in Love.

Lib. And does he pretend to be belov'd again?

Jocu. Yes sure, Madam, belike he does: And why not, pray? I am no such contemptible Figure, if I know my self: As for my Shape I can't find much fault in it: My Face I think too may pass in a Crowd; and as for Wit and Parts, as much a Fool as I am, thank *Jupiter*, we need not lower the Flag to many in the Drawing-Room.

Lucil. Ha, ha, ha! And pr'ythee who is the happy Nymph that is so highly favour'd?

Jocu. A certain fair Handmaid of your Ladyship's there; therefore after this, Madam, you ought to submit: Since I do, I think others very well may.—But see, Madam, the Duke your Father is coming hither, and Lord *Bellarion* with him.

Lucil. What is my Father's Intention in bringing of him to me? Is he resolv'd on my Ruin? and must the Tranquillity and

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and Satisfaction of my whole Life be sacrific'd for the sake of Heirs to his Possessions?

Lib. O my Dear, there may be a little Comfort in that Affair fall to your Share too—— and if I an't mistaken——

Lucil. Fye, *Liberia*.

Lib. Fye! for what?— Psha! I hate People to be so very squeamish, there's no Harm, my Dear, in talking merrily, so we act but modestly: Sealing up the Lips won't seare the Inclinations; my Heart's as sound as a Bell, thank *Cupid*, and therefore my Tongue shall be as true as a Clapper to it; what the one innocently thinks the other shall always chearfully utter.

Jocu. 'Gad, Madam, I am o' the Lady *Liberia*'s Opinion, and am apt to think, if you were to take my Lord *Bellario* for one Month upon liking, you'd be willing enough afterwards to have him bound for Life.

Lucil. Silence, Blockhead.

Jocu. O, with all my Heart, Madam; I thought I was oblig'd by my Post to advise in things of this Consequence, but I'll be more sparing both of my Counsel and Wit for the future—— Hugh! hugh!

Enter GRATIANO, BELLARIO, and LUCENTIUS.

Grati. Well Daughter, won't you yet comply with my earnest Solicitations? will your Heart still remain insensible to the ardent Addresses of those noble Youths who study to outvie each other in their Attempts to merit it? Come, come, my dear *Lucilia*, a youthful generous Breast, like yours, must be capable of Love, and I must no longer be deny'd.

Lucil. My Lord, you can lay no Command upon me but what I'll blindly obey; but at the same time I must declare I have that natural Aversion to Marriage, that to injoin me Death or a Husband will be the very same thing. But your Will goes first, and my Obedience is dearer to me than Life it self.

Joculo. Ay, now she wants to be forc'd to it— Just like 'em, the old Trick.

Grati. You are in the wrong, Daughter, to think me so cruel a Father as to do Violence to your Inclinations; but shew a Complaisance at least to the Honours which are done you by your Lovers, and give 'em your Presence at these Sports where their Skill and Bravery will be exerted— If you should approve of either your Choice shall be mine, and I'll consider neither Interest nor Advantage.

Bell.

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Bell. You, Madam, are the Prize it seems to Day, but I aspire after no such Honour. As all my Life I have resolutely bid Defiance to Love, 'tis with a different Aim that I engage: I make no Pretence to your Heart, Madam; the Joy of Victory is the whole of my Ambition.

Lucil. My Lord, you are in the right.

Bell. I know I am, Madam; Glory and Honour have something God-like in 'em; they are Wreaths that dignify the Wearer. Love's a Bauble, and fit only to be disputed by Beardless Boys—Now, then, I'll go and prepare for the Trial, and see whether Love or Glory add more Vigour to the Arm.

[*Exit haughtily, and Lucentius.*]

Enter a Messenger at the other Door, and delivers a Letter to GRATIANO, who opens it.

Lucil. Whence proceeds this unexpected Haughtiness? What think you of this young Heroe, Cousin? Did you observe what an Air he assum'd? What Coldness! what Indifference!

Lib. 'Twas something haughty, indeed.

Jpcu. O what a fine Trick he has serv'd her.

Lucil. 'Twou'd be pleasant, methinks, to humble his Pride a little; one ought to take down that hectoring Heart; ought we not, *Delia*?

Delia. Why truly, Madam, I don't wonder his Behaviour surprizes you a little—you, who have been us'd to receive nothing but Homage and Adoration, may well be startl'd at such a Compliment.

Lucil. I must confess it has given me a little Disorder, and I should be highly glad to chastise his Insolence; I did not think of being at these Sports, but now I'll go on purpose, and do all I can to triumph over the Rebel.

Lib. Take care, my Dear, the Attempt is dangerous; when one endeavours to give Love one's in great danger of receiving it.

Lucil. O my Dear, fear not that, I'll answer for myself: I'll make him repent this Disdain, I'll warrant him.

[*Exit Lucilia and Attendants.*]

Manent GRATIANO, Messenger, Attendants.

Grati. I learn, by this Letter, Neice, that young Lord *Protheus*, your Antagonist in Wit, comes to *Genoa* to Night.

Mess.

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. II

Mess. He's very near arriv'd, my Lord; he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Grati. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this Action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of Rank.

Grati. A Victory is double when the Conqueror brings home full Numbers.

Lib. And is Signior *Montanto* return'd safe and sound?

Mess. I knew none of that Name in the Army, Madam.

Grati. My Neice means Lord *Protheus*.

Mess. Yes, Madam, and as pleasant as ever.

Lib. Pray how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these Wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Grati. Be not too severe, Neice, he hath done good Service.

Lib. Ay, they had musty Victuals perhaps, and he has help'd to eat it up; he's a very valiant Trencher-man; he has an excellent Stomach—at every thing, but fighting.

Grati. You must not mistake my Neice, Sir, there's a kind of a merry War between Lord *Protheus* and her; they never meet but there's a Skirmish of Wit between 'em.

Lib. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last Conflict four of his five Wits went halting off, and now is the whole Man govern'd with one; so that if he have Wit enough to keep himself warm, there's that small difference between himself and his Horse—But pray, Sir, who is his Companion now? he hath every Month a new sworn Brother; for he wears his Faith like the Fashion of his Hat, it ever changes with the next Block.

Grati. You're very free with the Gentleman, sweet Neice.

Lib. Why you know, my Lord, he hangs upon People worse than a Disease; he's sooner taken than the Pestilence, and whoever catches the *Protheus* is sure to run presently mad.

Mess. I see, Lady, that Gentleman is not in your Books.

Lib. No, if he were I would burn my Study.

Grati. You are of a merry Temper, Neice; you'll ne'er run mad.

Lib. No, not till a hot *January*.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Grati. Lord *Protheus*, I give you at once both Joy and Welcome.

Proth.

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Proth. My Lord, I am glad I can welcome my self by being Herald of such welcome News. [*To Liberia.*] What, my dear Lady *Disdain*! are you yet living?

Lib. Is it possible *Disdain* should die while there's so proper Food for her to feed on as Lord *Protheus*?—Courtesy it self must turn to *Disdain* if you come in her Presence.

Proth. I know not how it is, sweet Lady, but I have the Fortune to be lov'd by all the Fair, you only excepted; but I wish I had not so hard a Heart, for truly I love none of 'em in return.

Lib. A dear Happiness to Women, they would else have been pester'd with a pernicious Galant—I thank my cold Blood I am of the same Humour with you for that; I'd rather hear a Raven croaking at my Window, at Midnight, than a Man swearing he loves me.

Proth. Heaven keep your Ladyship's Blood always as cold then, so some poor Gentleman or other will 'scape a scratch'd Face.

Lib. Scratching could not make it worse, if it were such a one as yours.

Proth. Nay, if you are upon such full Speed, my good Lady, I must give out.

Lib. Ay, I know you of old; you are a true Courtier, pretend to resign a Post which you know you can't keep.

Grati. But come, my Lord, you must lend your Presence to grace the Sports which are celebrated in respect to my Daughter's Birth-Day.

Proth. With all my Heart, my Lord, if you'll turn the Key upon this Lady's Tongue; but if that be suffer'd to walk at Liberty I must claim an Excuse.

Grati. What, afraid of a Lady's Wit, after facing an Army, my Lord? Come, come, Lord *Protheus*, there can be no Ground of an Excuse.

Proth. Will your Highness command me any Service to the World's End? I will go on the slightest Errand now to the *Antipodes*; I will fetch you a Tooth-picker from the farthest Inch of *Africa*, be Ambassador Extraordinary for you to the *Pigmies*, rather than hold three Words Conference with that two-edged Falchion.

Lib. Hah! then you'd have other People turn the Edge of their Wit, that your Dulness may pass unquestion'd; a very

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modest Request o' my Word— Turn Priest, turn Priest, Lord
Protheus— People may talk charmingly to no purpose, when
 no body dare to contradict them.

Proth. Turn you Vestal then, sweet Lady, there'll be no fear
 of the Fire's going out when there's so excellent a Breath to
 keep it up.

Lib. Ay, but Vestals must be Maids for Life, you know: I
 should scarce be able to bear with that, I doubt.

Proth. There, Lady *Liberia*, I agree with you for once.

Lib. Unless I had your Lordship always before me— That
 Sight would be a sufficient Cure for my Cravings—Your Highness
 will pardon this Freedom, I was born to speak all Mirth and
 no Matter. [*To Gratiano.*]

Grati. Your Mirth becomes you, Neice, and you were cer-
 tainly born in a merry Hour.

Lib. No sure, my Lord, my Mother was sad, they say—
 But then there was a merry little Twinkler danc'd, and under
 that I was born, it seems— Heigh ho! Well, I am going
 to be sad all of a sudden— No, hang Melancholy, and let
 the World have its Course; if I must undergo a Transforma-
 tion it shall be into a Nightingale sooner than an Owl.

A I R I.

*Let's sing and be merry,
 And never be weary;
 Let's rail and bespatter,
 We cannot do better,*

*For nothing like Rallery charms ev'ry Sense,
 When we wittily laugh at another's Expence.*

*Let's last and spare none,
 For so modish 'tis grown,
 'Tis but a weak Brother,
 Speaks well of another:*

*For nothing like Rallery charms ev'ry Sense,
 When we wittily laugh at another's Expence.*

here, Sirs, is Musick and Meaning both for you— that Lord
Protheus dislikes, I'm sure; his Taste is more suited to the
 times: No— Meaning is the only Idol he worships; he's a
 man of high Mode, as you may see by the Fashion of his
 Doublet—

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Doublet— Farewel, Uncle— Lord *Protheus*, I challenge you to meet me at the Sports, that I may see if your Heels be as dull as your Head. [Exit.]

Proth. I would sooner meet a Legion of Men in Armour— Why she speaks Poinards, and every Word leaves a Stab behind it: If her Breath were as terrible as her Terminations she would infect to the North Star.

Grati. But see, Lord *Protheus*, here comes my Brother *Byron*, and his Favourite *Gremio*.

Proth. I was joyful to hear that Lord *Byron* had reconcil'd himself to your Highness.

Grati. As far as his unbending Temper suffers,
That will not yield to any thing with Grace.

Enter BYRON and GREMIO.

Proth. My Lord, being reconcil'd to your Brother I embrace you cordially, and owe you all Respect.

Byron. I thank you, Lord *Protheus*; I am not of many Words— but I thank you.

Grati. Brother, you'll join us in the Lifts to-day?

Byron. Your Lordship must excuse me; such Gewgaw Chivalry suits not me; whenever I engage at Weapons my Foot shall find I am in earnest.

Proth. Please then, your Highness, I will follow you.

Grati. Your Hand, good *Protheus*, we will go together. [Exit.]

Manent BYRON and GREMIO.

Grem. Why are you thus out of measure melancholy, my Lord?

Byron. Because there's no Measure in the Occasion that breeds it, and I cannot hide what I am— I must be sad when I have Cause, and laugh at no Man's Jest; eat when I have a Stomach, and wait on no Man's Leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no Man's Business.

Grem. True, my Lord, but 'twou'd be better, methinks, not to make Shew of that Humour 'till you could do it without Restraint or Controul— You have lately been at Variance with your Brother, and he has newly receiv'd you into Favour, where you must take root by the Sun-shine you procure your self; you therefore ought to frame the Season for your own Harvest.

Byron.

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Byron. I had rather be a Canker in a Hedge than a Rose in his Favour ; and it suits my Blood better to be hated by all than meanly to steal Affection from any ; though I can't be said to be a flattering honest Man, it must not be deny'd but that I am a plain-dealing Villain. I am trusted, with what ?— Why with a Muzzle : I am at Liberty, how ?— Why with a Clog at my Heels—— If I had my Mouth I would bite ; if I was free I would do my liking— In the mean time let me be what I am, and seek not to alter me.

Grem. Can you make no use of your Discontent ?

Byron. I will make use of it ; for that's the only thing I make use of at all— My Brother's Purpose is bent, I find, in giving his Daughter to this Lord *Bellario*— That young intruding *Venetian* hath all the Glory of my Downfal— Come, if this Match should be it may prove Food to my Displeasure— If I can but throw a Cross upon that 'twill be a Blessing on my self. You are trusty, *Gremio*, and will assist me.

Grem. To the Grave, my Lord.

Byron. Let us devise then what Mischief may be done— O, that the Cook, who dresses the Wedding-Dinner, were but of my Mind, *Gremio* !

Grem. Wou'd I were the Cook then, my Lord !

Byron. Say'st thou so, *Gremio*— Give me thy Hand— I am glad to find the true *Italian* Spirit in thee— But hear me, does not this hated Brother of mine walk often alone in this solitary Forest ?

Grem. He does, my Lord.

Byron. And why is he suffer'd to do it so often ?

Grem. My Lord——

Byron. Could not a Couple of honest Fellows take care he could never walk there again ?

Grem. I understand you, my Lord— Yes, I am one of those honest Fellows, and will undertake to procure a second.

Byron. Honest *Gremio* ! Thou shall't have no cause to complain that Merit goes unrewarded— make use then of the first opportunity— In the mean time I'll be contriving how to take the best Advantage of it—— This noble Spirit of thine reassures me, *Gremio* ; I am now convinc'd there's such a thing as true Friendship in the World— This Brother once got rid of— another did I call him ! He's no Brother of mine ; I was born in

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in the pure State of Nature, he in the stale Marriage Bed. But let's not spend our Time in talking, *Gremio*, let the Action be done first, and then we'll talk of it with Rapture.

When Tyrant's Frowns the free-born Will controul,
Secret Revenge is Nectar to the Soul.

[*Exeunt*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *Continues.*

Enter LUCILIA and DELIA.

Delia. 'TIS true, Madam, the Lord *Bellario* shew'd the highest Bravery and Dexterity.

Lucil. Ay, he goes off Conqueror from the Ring, but not with the same Heart, I fancy, that he came in.

Delia. You levell'd such Strokes at him, Madam, as 'twas impossible he should be proof against.

Lucil. I should joy to find it so; but see yonder he comes with his old Tutor and *Joculo* — We must know what he's talking of; however, we'll not interrupt 'em now, let us turn this Way, and meet them again by-and-by. [*Exeunt*]

Enter BELLARIO, LUCENTIUS and JOCULO.

Bell. My good old Friend, I was quite enchanted; 'tis true she's always lovely, but that Moment a thousand new Graces redoubl'd the Charm of her Beauty; her Eyes beam'd with irresistible Lustre; when she danc'd all Nature seem'd to smile with Approbation;

The Forest Savages, in Raptures fix'd,
Stood listning to the Musick of her Voice.
Ev'n *Orpheus*' Lute, tho' strung with heavenly Art,
Whose golden Touch could melt obdurate Steel,
Make Tigers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forfake unfounded Deeps to dance on Sands,
Fell still far short of her melodious Strain.

Jocu. Soh! 'tis all over — he's got into blank Verse — My Lord, one Word with you; I humbly request I may be discharged this Moment from having any thing more to do in this

Affair

Affair; for, since you are so far gone, as to talk Poetry, I'm sure you are past hearing Reason any longer.

Bell. In short every thing she did, every thing she said, had such Charms to-day, that I thought I should not possibly have maintain'd my Resolution, but thrown my self at her Feet, and confess'd my Passion at once.

Lucen. And then she would have traml'd upon you— No, keep but your Disdain up, and she'll soon lower hers.

Jocu. Did not I see to-day how she labour'd to trap you? There was a Design against you in every Inch of her; there was not a Pin about her but what was pointed full tilt at your Heart. These Women are whimsical kind of Animals, my Lord; we spoil 'em; yes, we quite spoil 'em, indeed: If we were but wise enough to neglect 'em a little we should have 'em hunting us in Troops.

Lucen. *Joculo* is in the right, my Lord; you have hit upon the best Method in the World, and I'll warrant it succeeds, if you are but firm in't.

Jocu. In the mean time I'll go and hear what she says. [*Exit.*]

Enter PROTHEUS.

Bell. Well, Lord *Protheus*, did you mark the charming *Lulilia* at the Sports? What think you of that Lady?

Proth. Why? would you buy her that you enquire after her?

Bell. Is such a Jewel to be purchas'd, *Protheus*?

Proth. Yes, and a Case to put it in too.

Bell. You think it Jest, but pr'ythee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Proth. Why, I say that were she other than what she is she would be unhandsome; and being no other than what she is I don't like her— There's her Cousin, if she were not possess'd with such a Fury of a Tongue, exceeds her as much in Beauty as the first of *May* doth the last of *December*— But I hope you have no intent to turn Husband, have you?

Bell. I would scarce trust my self, tho' sworn to the contrary, if her Person were the Portion.

Proth. Um— Hath not the World one Man but what will burthen his Brows; shall I never see a Batchelor of threescore again?

Bell. Thou wast ever an obstinate Foe in despite of Beauty.

Proth. That a Woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble Thanks; but that I will wear my Cap with Suspicion on their Accounts, count all Women must pardon me: Because I will not do them the Wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the Right to trust none.

Lucen. Come, come, young Lord, we shall see you some time or other looking pale with Love.

Proth. With Anger, with Sicknefs, or with Hunger, good *Lucentius*, but not with Love; prove that I ever lose more Blood with Love than I get again in an Evening's Drinking, and I'll give you leave to pick out my Eyes with a Ballad-maker's Pen, and hang me up at the Door of a Brothel for the Sign of a blind *Cupid*.

Bell. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this Resolution —

Proth. O let me be treated most scurvily; get a Picture of me painted as vilely as possible, set it up at the publick Market, and signify under in great Letters — THIS IS PROTHEUS THE MARRY'D MAN.

Bell. The Lady *Liberia* has a Quarrel with you for your Behaviour to her at the Dance to-day.

Proth. O the misus'd me past the Indurance of a Block; an Oak with but one green Leaf on it would have answer'd her; my very Vifor began to assume Life, and scold with her; she told me that I was the City-Jester, and that I was duller than a great Thaw; that my only Gift was devising impossible Slanders; that I both pleas'd Men and anger'd 'em; and that they first laugh'd at me, and then broke my Bones.

Bell.

Lucen. { Ha, ha, ha!

Proth. Yes, huddling Jest upon Jest with such irresistible Fury on me, that I stood like a Man at a Mark with a whole Army shooting at me. — But yonder I see her; my Lord, farewell, I must get without reach of her. [Exit.]

Lucen. And see, my Lord, *Lucilia* is coming this way with *Foculo*; let us turn carelessly into the Walks without shewing any Desire of joining 'em. — Come, come, what d'ye look so earnestly that way for now? — Away, away: O' my Conscience Men of *One-and-twenty* want Tutors more than when they are Boys. [Exeunt.]

Enter

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Enter LUCILIA and JOCULO.

Lucil. Are you familiar, *Joculo*, with Lord Bellario?

Jocu. O lack-a-day, Madam, we are old Acquaintance.

Lucil. What was the Reason he did not walk on hither, but turn'd another way when he saw me coming?

Jocu. 'Tis a whimsical Mortal, Madam, and loves to be alone.

Lucil. I must humble his Arrogance, *Joculo*.

Jocu. Why troth, Madam, I think you should —— if you could.

Lucil. If I could, *Joculo*!

Jocu. Why to tell you the truth, Madam, you would have a tight Task of it.

Lucil. How so?

Jocu. How! why 'tis the proudest Animal you ever came nigh; he thinks no body in the World is good enough for him; I wonder he condescends to let the Earth bear him, for my part.

Lucil. And does he never speak of me?

Jocu. He! no not he.

Lucil. Did he say nothing of my Singing and Dancing?

Jocu. No, not a Syllable.

Lucil. Not a Syllable?

Jocu. O yes, I lye, he did, now I recollect.

Lucil. What, pr'ythee, what?

Jocu. Why, he said that you interrupted their Sport.

Lucil. Had he the Insolence to say that?

Jocu. Yes, and that Women had no Business at such manly Exercises.

Lucil. Insufferable!

Jocu. Why he's as hard as a Flint, Madam; there's ne'er a Rock in our Mountains that's so insensible as he is.

Lucil. There he walks.

Jocu. Ay, d'ye see now how he goes by without taking any notice of you?

Lucil. I'd give the World to triumph over him.

Jocu. Why truly the Man's well made; he has a good Face and Air enough. —— But, Madam, if you should bring him to love you, pray what would you do?

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Lucil. O, then I should delight my self with triumphing over his Vanity, and exercise such Cruelties on him —

Jocu. He'll never yield.

Lucil. *Joculo*, he must, he shall.

Jocu. No, he won't indeed; I know him too well; 'twill be all Labour in vain.

Lucil. Pr'ythee, *Joculo*, invent some Method or other; think of some way that we may lay a Snare for him.

Jocu. Let me consider a little. — What can I devise — Humph!

Lucil. Well, what is it?

Jocu. Lack-a-day, Madam, you are too hasty, my Brain is more deliberate. — Oh, now I have it; we must — no that won't do: But if you were to go —

Lucil. Whither?

Jocu. Whither! ay, that's true, that's a foolish Design too. — But can't you —

Lucil. What?

Jocu. Nothing at all — that won't do neither.

Lucil. Have done with this idle Stuff, your Jestings is unseasonable now.

Jocu. Why, Madam, how should such a poor Fool as I give you any Advice? Besides, it would not be politick if I could; you know, Madam, that People of your Station give but scurvy Wages for Counsel in Love-Affairs, and a preaching Courtier consults his own Interest very ill by it: All I know is, that you great People will do in that Case just as you will, let the World cry Shame on't ever so much.

Lucil. I'm so perplex'd I know not what to do. — But see, he vouchsafes to turn this way at last.

Jocu. Ay, that's sheer Accident; he does not do it on purpose, I'm sure.

Enter BELLARIO and LUCENTIUS.

Lucen. If you must accost her, remember your Part; and for fear you should forget it, don't stay long with her.

Lucil. I was thinking, my Lord, 'twas something very extraordinary for one of your Age and Galantry to be at War with our Sex.

Bell. You, Madam, have certainly no reason to be surpris'd at it, since 'tis so agreeable to your own Sentiments.

Lucil.

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Lucil. What's a Glory in our Sex, my Lord, is a Crime in yours; Homage and Love are due to our Beauty, tho' we resolve to continue insensible to 'em.

Bell. My Opinion would be different, Madam; If I had no design of returning Love, I should not care to receive it.

Lucil. Why so?

Bell. Because I would not willingly be ungrateful.

Lucil. So that to avoid Ingratitude you'd be sure to love those who had an Affection for you.

Bell. Not at all, Madam; I only say I would not *willingly* be ungrateful; but perhaps I should sooner be that than amorous.

Lucil. What, suppose a Person of Merit and Beauty —

Bell. No, Madam, Liberty's the only Mistress to whom I consecrate my Vows; and should lavish Nature pour out all her Charms to form a perfect Beauty; should Wisdom's self inspire the matchless Frame, and Fortune crown her with the noblest Honours; should such a Miracle of all that's lovely dote on me with the utmost Tenderness, it would not touch my Heart.

Jocu. Duce take him! I could give him a Slap o' the Chops with all my Soul. [Aside.

Lucil. Hitherto then, my Lord, we have shew'd a Conformity of Sentiments; but I'll now intrust you with a Secret that may a little surprise you: The Merit of a certain young Nobleman of *Mantua* has had such an Effect upon me, that I am become in some measure sensible of what I always disdain'd: I am now therefore ready to answer my Father's ardent Wishes. — But you, I suppose, will condemn my Design.

Bell. You might make such a Choice, Madam, as I should highly approve of.

Lucil. Not to hold you in suspense, Sir, 'tis Lord *Clodio* I declare for.

Bell. Distraction!

Lucil. My Invention has succeeded; I see he's disturb'd.

[Aside.

Jocu. Good, good, Madam!

Lucen. For shame, for shame! take Courage, or you're undone.

[To Bell.

Lucil.

Lucil. Don't you think me in the right, my Lord? Has not he all the Merit one could wish for?

Joc. [*Running first to Bellario, and then to Lucilia.*] Courage, Courage! my Lord.—He's in for't, Madam.—Don't be dishearten'd, I tell you.

Lucen. Come, come, recover, recover, and answer my Lord.

Lucil. How comes it that you seem so surpris'd at what I say, Sir? ——— I have gain'd the Victory at last. [*Aside.*]

Bell. Why the Astonishment, Madam, to find two Souls so alike in every respect as ours, which have shew'd at the same time a Defiance of Love, and in the very same Moment have both submitted to its Power. ——— A single Glance, Madam, of your lovely Cousin, the charming *Liberia*, hath quite got the better of all my Resolutions; and I ———

Lucil. How! *Liberia*!

Bell. Yes, Madam: Now we can neither of us reproach the other. As I infinitely admire your Choice I hope you'll likewise approve of mine—And would you be but so good as to plead my Cause, and help to make the Fair reward my Passion! — This Moment I'll attend your Father, and strive to gain his Favour in my Suit.

Lucen. [*Aside.*] Blessings on that Heart! brave Heart! bravely done! brave Heart! [*Exeunt Bell. and Lucen.*]

Joc. 'Sbud! he has stung her, he's even with her, i'gad!

[*Aside.*]

Lucil. 'Tis impossible, 'tis not to be believ'd. — Shall another run away with a Heart that I could not conquer?

Enter GRATIANO.

Lucil. I'm glad you're come, Sir, I have a Request to make you which I hope you'll grant me: 'Tis, my Lord, not to listen to *Bellario*'s Request, nor to suffer him to marry *Liberia*, whom he's in love with.

Grati. Why should you be against that, Daughter, since you'll not accept of him yourself?

Lucil. Because I hate *Bellario*, and am determin'd to thwart his Pretensions.

Grati. Hate *Bellario*, Daughter!

Lucil. Yes, from my Heart.

Grati. What has he done to make you hate him?

Lucil.

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Lucil. He has slighted me, Sir. — 'Tis a palpable Affront to make his Addresses in this Court to any one but me.

Grati. You'll accept of none.

Lucil. No matter, my Lord, he ought to have let me had the Glory of rejecting 'em however.

Grati. Well, well, be easy, Daughter; I'll go find *Bellario*, and persuade him to drop his Pretensions, I warrant. [*Exit.*]

Lucil. My Lord you give me Transport by your Kindness.

Jocu. Dear Heart, Madam, I have thought of a way of preventing his being *Liberia's* effectually.

Lucil. Which way, *Joculo*?

Jocu. By taking him yourself, which I fancy would not go much against the Grain.

Lucil. Have you the Insolence to utter such a thing! Out of my Presence this Moment.

Jocu. So, I am a disgrac'd Favourite at once, but I deserve it; I might have been a better Courtier by this time, and learnt never to speak my Thoughts. — Madam, I —

Lucil. Silence, Sir, and leave me alone. [*Exit Joculo.*] What unusual Emotions is my Heart disorder'd with! Is it not what I was just now told it was? No, 'tis impossible; I can never be guilty of so infamous a Weakness: I who have seen, unmov'd, so many Lovers at my Feet, whom Sighs, Vows, Homage, and Adoration could never touch; and shall Disdain triumph over me? No, no, no, I know I don't love him; 'tis only Resentment, and therefore I'll think of nothing but how to humble the presumptuous Rebel. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes.

Enter JOCULO and DELIA.

Jocu. Harkye, dear Madam *Delia*, a Word with you, if you please.

Delia. No Impertinence, Sir.

Jocu. [*Aside.*] Hah! Madam Pert! A true *Abigail* every Inch of her: I'll have a little Diversion with her since that's the Case. — Harkye, Mrs. *Delia*, I would advise you not to be so coy; 'tis quite out of fashion, upon my Honour it is. — Be-

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fides you can't afford it now-a-days; if you don't get you a Husband before you are One-and-twenty you'll be sure never to get one at all.

Delia. Hah! and why so pray, Sir?

Jocn. Because you can neither keep your Features or Complexion any longer.

Delia. No, for what reason, wife Sir?

Jocn. By reason of your playing Cards all Night, Madam, and drinking Strong-Waters all Day.

Delia. Fool, farewell, I keep no such unmannerly Company.

[*Running from him.*]

Jocn. [*Catching her.*] Nay, pr'ythee stay you dear hard-hearted Creature; if *Gremio* was to desire it you'd consent, I warrant ye.

Delia. And what then, art thou a *Gremio*? No, he diverts and pleases me with his sweet Voice; you deafen me with your impertinent Clack; I hate and despise a Fool's Wit as much as I do his ridiculous Coat: When you sing as sweetly as *Gremio* does I'll promise to stay and hear you.

Jocn. Indeed, *Delia*, you must stay now.

Delia. Well, I will stay then, provided thou wilt promise me one thing.

Jocn. Ay, ay, with all my Heart. — But hold, what is it tho?

Delia. Why, that you'll go, Booby.

Jocn. Heyday, Madam *Delia*, that is not right for you to turn Jester, and take my Business off my Hands.

Delia. You should give your Mistress better Jestis then, or else her Fool's Jacket is ill bestow'd.

Jocn. O Mistress *Delia*, the Business of a Jester is not like that of a Chambermaid; to lye well, and jest well, are two different things. — 'Tis much easier to cheat People, than to make 'em laugh.

Delia. Silence, Impudence, and don't open thy booby Chops, or else I'll leave the Place this Moment.

Jocn. What! not speak?

Delia. No, be sure you don't.

Jocn. Well, I won't then. [*Courting her in dumb Shew.*]

Delia. Pr'ythee don't distort that little scurvy Carcase of thine; thou need'st not take pains to make ugly Faces, for thou hast

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hast one ready made to thy Hands. — Where is this *Gremio*? I wish he was here to entertain one with a Song.

Jocu. Ay, all your fine Ladies now-a-days are to be taken by the Ear: If a Man has but a tuneable Gullet 'tis enough. 'Sbobs! why can't I sing as well as another? Han't I a pair of Lungs? Han't I a Throat? Han't I a Tongue as well as he? And I was not born in *England*, was I? Yes, yes, I can sing, I'm sure I can, tho' no body has happen'd to find it out yet, and tho' I don't know it myself neither.

Delia. I should be glad to hear thee for the rarity of the thing. But harkye, *Joculo*, there's but one way you can possibly gain my Affection; I want the glory of having somebody die for Love of me; that's a Pleasure I have never had yet, and I find I should love a Man prodigiously that lov'd me enough to hang or drown himself for me.

Jocu. You'd love a Man that was to kill himself for you, would you?

Delia. Yes.

Jocu. And that's the only thing that can please you; is it, Madam?

Delia. Ay.

Jocu. Um — I believe 'twill be some time then before I shall please you that way. Ha, ha, ha! kill myself, with a murrain! no, I'm not quite enough in Love to be such a Fool as that comes to neither. Let your Song-monger sing some dismal Ditty now, and then cut his warbling Gullet in two for your sake. — Since, Madam *Delia*, you must needs have a Sacrifice, I don't know a Calf that's fitter for the purpose.

Delia. Is this the Heroism of a Lover, *Joculo*, when you had such an Opportunity to eternalise yourself?

Jocu. I don't know whether 'tis good Heroism or not, but I'm sure 'tis good Politicks; I'd rather People should say — *In this Place Joculo was cowardly enough to refuse to kill himself at Delia's Request, than — On this illustrious Spot of Earth the heroick Joculo shot himself thro' the Head for Love of theauteous Delia.*

Delia. Very well!

Jocu. Yes, with Glory's leave, I'd rather live two Days in the World than a thousand Years in History; so Madam

Delia,

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Delia, your Servant, I'll ev'n go seek out a Mistress that will be contented with what a Man can do for her in this Life; and you may take your Sign of a Man, your Echo, your Semiquaver, to pipe with. [Exit Jocular.]

Delia. Get thee gone, thou Bear, thou unpolish'd Brute. — But here comes my Lady and *Liberia* in earnest Discourse; I believe I had e'en best leave 'em to themselves. [Exit.]

Enter LUCILIA and LIBERIA.

Lucil. I have one Request to make you, Cousin, which you must absolutely grant me; the Lord *Bellarion* loves you, and is resolv'd to ask you of my Father.

Lib. The Lord *Bellarion*!

Lucil. Yes, but I conjure you to reject his Addresses; I desire and beg it of you that you'll gratify me in this.

Lib. But, Cousin, if he lov'd you, you would not have him, you say — which is a Fib, by the by, [Aside.] — and yet you'll not let him be another's.

Lucil. No, I can't bear to see him happy with another; if he was I believe I should die with Vexation; he shan't have the Pleasure of braving me intirely.

Lib. Well, well, don't be afraid, my dear Child, I'll not steal thy Bird's Nest from thee. — And d'ye really think me so blind as not to see plainly what you'd be at? — Well, I say nothing, I only wonder how any body can take it in their Head to like such a gloomy Mortal as that is. — All I know is, that if ever I do dance the Wedding-Dance, I'll not have an Elbow-Chair for my Partner.

Lucil. I must confess, Cousin, he's rather of too solitary Disposition.

Lib. It would be an excellent Man that were made just in the midway between him and *Protheus*; the one is too like an Image, and says nothing; the other too like my Lady's eldest Son perpetually tatling.

Lucil. Then half *Protheus*' Impertinence in *Bellarion*'s Mouth and half *Bellarion*'s Melancholy in *Protheus*' Face. —

Lib. With a good Leg, white Teeth, and Money enough in his Purse, Cousin, would win any Woman in *Europe*—if he could but get her Good-will.

Lucil. O' my Conscience, Cousin, thou wilt't never get a Man to venture upon thee with that persecuting Wit of thine.

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 27

Lib. For which Blessing I am on my Knees every Morning and Evening. — Lud! I could not endure a Husband with a Beard on his Face; I had rather lie in Woollen.

Lucil. Suppose a Husband of no Beard, Child —

Lib. Ah lah! what should I do with him? dress him in my cast Clothes, and make him my Waiting-Gentlewoman: He that hath a Beard is more than a Youth, and he that hath no Beard must be less than a Man; so that he who's more than a Youth is not fit for me; and he that's less than a Man, I believe, I should not be fit for him.

Lucil. Poor *Liberia*! doom'd to die a Virgin at last.

Lib. Even so, my Dear, and then, Heigh for *Elysium* where the Batchelors sit, and there live as merry as the Day is long. — And yet, my Dear, I'm sadly afraid sometimes that I shan't be able to hold out to the last; I now and then feel some strange kind of Twitchings about this silly Heart of mine, that makes me fear I should surrender if I was closely besieg'd.

S O N G.

*I like the am'rous Youth that's free
His Passion to declare,
For vig'rous Importunity
Ne'er fails to win the Fair.*

*None Cupid fear but Fools, the Boy
Hurts none who valiant prove;
He's Sweetness all, and gentle Joy,
To those who're skill'd in Love.*

*Then love, my Dear, and since Life's Prime
So swiftly flies away,
Let's by the Forelock seize old Time,
And revel whilst we may.* [Exeunt Hand in Hand.

End of the Second Act.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A State-Room in the Palace.**Enter JOCULO, in a great Hurry.*

Jocu. WHICH way shall I go? Whither shall I run? How shall I find out this Lady of ours?

Enter LUCILIA, LIBERIA, and DELIA.

O here she is.—Madam, I'm come to let you know——

Lucil. Peace, Blockhead, and leave me to my solitary Thoughts.

Jocu. O! with all my Heart, Madam. — Yes, yes, I only thought that I ought to inform you how the Lord *Bellario*—— but I humbly beg your Ladyship's Pardon; since you don't care to hear of it I'll pocket up my News, and be gone as I came

[*Going*

Lucil. What's that you say, *Joculo*? Come back.

Jocu. No, Madam, I leave you to your solitary Thoughts.

Lucil. Stay, I tell you, come hither: What did you say?

Jocu. I, Madam! nothing at all—— one's sometimes over-busy in pretending to inform great People; but I'll be wiser for the future.

Lucil. I'll be triff'd with no longer, Sir; what did you come to tell me?

Jocu. You'd fain know it then, would you, Madam?

Lucil. Yes, make haste—— what have you to say about the Lord *Bellario*?

Jocu. A wonderful Accident, Madam! But I'm afraid 'twill disturb your solitary Thoughts—— I had better put it off 'till another Opportunity.

Lucil. Speak quickly, Sir—— or——

Jocu. Why, as your Father, Madam, was walking in the Forest a couple of horrible Ruffians, in Masks, darted out upon him: There were but two pitiful Wretches of us with

him, each of whom immediately gain'd his Tree, and your Father was left alone to take care of himself—

Lucil. And then——

Jocn. No, hold, Madam—— before I go any farther I must needs say how foolish 'tis in People to expose themselves and those that are about 'em to such kind of Dangers: 'Tis what I don't understand, and what——

Lucil. Will you dare, Sir, to tempt my Resentment any longer?

Jocn. Well, then, to resume the Thread of my Discourse—— Whereabouts did I break off tho'?

Lucil. You said my Father was left alone to encounter the Ruffians.

Jocn. Ay, ay, 'tis true, true—— When that Moment, Madam, the Lord *Bellario* appear'd just as if he had been drop'd out of the Clouds to save him.

Lucil. And so——

Jocn. Why, one of the Villains, Madam, was immediately laid well'ring in his Blood, and the other fled for't— Your Father, full of Joy, as you may imagine, embrac'd the valiant *Bellario*, proclaim'd him his present Deliverer, and your future Husband.

Lucil. Ay, *Liberia*, since Heaven speaks so plainly in his Favour 'twou'd be Presumption in me to reject its Choice.

Lib. [Aside.] Yes, yes, I know it would—— you'll not attempt any such thing I'm certain—— Why, truly Cousin, I think 'tis your Duty now to make a Curtsy, and say, *As it please you*; and yet for all that, if it were not a Fellow I lik'd, I would make another Curtsy, and say, *As it pleases me*.

Lucil. But, if his Disdain still continue, I'll sooner——

Jocn. O, no, no, Madam, he was in Excess of Transport at your Father's Declaration— but see, here he comes, let him answer for himself.

Enter GRATIANO, BELLARIO, &c.

Grati. Daughter, you have heard already all that I can tell you; Heaven, you see, has explain'd it self in favour of this Lord, and sure, my dear Child, you'll not refuse the Recompense of your Smiles to one who sav'd your Father's Life.

Lucil. My Lord, that's not a Recompense which *Bellario* desires.

Bell. Forgive me, Madam, if I have Ambition enough to aspire

aspire so high—— I have too long deceiv'd you, Madam, but now throw off the Veil, and speak the real Language of my Soul; all that Disguise was the last Shift of a despairing Passion; I languish'd, I dy'd for Love all the while: And if this Stratagem offends you, Madam, I'm ready to expiate the Crime of it any way you shall command me.

Lucil. My Lord, if it be the Will of Heav'n and my Father, I must submit; and at the same time must confess that I can't blame your Stratagem, and am better pleas'd that what you said to me was only a Pretence, than if it had been Truth.

Bell. Silence is the perfectest Herald of Joy, Madam—I were but little happy, if I could say how much—As you consent to be mine I'll for ever be solely yours; I give away my self for you, and dote on the Exchange.

Grati. My dear Child, you so transport me with this Goodness and Duty, that Joy can't shew it self modest enough without a Badge of Bitterness. [*Weeping*]

Lib. Soh! thus goes every one to the World but I, and I am Sun-burnt; I may sit in a Corner and cry heigh-ho for a Husband.

Grati. Well, Neice, I hope to see you in a short time fitted with one.

Lib. Not till Heaven make Men of some other Mould—Would not it grieve a Woman to be over-master'd by a Piece of valiant Dust; to give an Account of her Life to a Clod of wayward Marl?

Bell. You have a merry Heart, fair Lady.

Lib. Yes, my Lord, I thank it poor Fool, it keeps on the windy side of Care.

Bell. I'll get a Husband to your Mind, Lady *Liberia*.

Lib. You—[*Aside.*] I had rather have one of your Father's getting—Hath your Lordship ne'er a Brother like your self—he'd make an excellent Husband, if a Maid could but come by him.

Lucil. Ay, my Dear, *Protheus* must be the Man after all—

Lib. Not unless I might have another for change, Cousin—He's too costly to wear every Day—— My Lord, you promis'd to take nothing amiss that I say.

Grati. No, sweet Neice, they must be dull Dotards indeed that did—but they tell me you have lost Lord *Protheus*' Heart by your Rallery.

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Lib. He lent it me for a while, indeed, and I gave him Use for it; a double Heart for a single one.

Bell. I'll tell him what you say, Lady!

Lib. Do, do, he'll but break a Comparifon or two on me, which if not taken notice of, and laugh'd at, strikes him at once into Melancholy; and then there's a Partridge' Wing fav'd, for the Fool will eat no Supper that Night.

Lucil. Look'e, my Dear, you two must never be separated; your Humours tally to the greatest nicety.

Lib. He, roast him, there's no Appearance of Humour in him, unless it be the Humour he has for strange Disguises: As to be a *German* to-day, and a *Frenchman* to-morrow; and next Day in the Shape of two Countries at once, a *Dutchman* from the WASTE downward, all Trowfers; and a *Spaniard* from the Hip upward, no Doublet.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lib. Well, Cousins, Fortune give you Joy with one another—I'll go and prepare things necessary for your Nuptials. [*Ex. Lib.*]

Bell. An entertaining chearful Creature!

Lucil. She has little of the melancholy Element in her, indeed.

Grati. No, she's never grave but when she sleeps—Nay, not then neither, for I have heard my Daughter say that she hath often dreamt of something merry, and wak'd herself with laughing.

Bell. She'd make an excellent Wife for *Protheus*.

Lucil. Lack-a-day, if they were but a Week marry'd they'd talk themselves mad.

Grati. However, my Lord, as your Nuptials cannot be celebrated ere to-morrow; and as Time seems to go on Crutches to youthful Lovers, 'till *Hymen's* Rites are all fulfil'd, let us in the Interim, to pass it over the pleasanter, undertake to bring those two Reprobates together: I would fain have it a Match, methinks.

Jocu. O that will be no difficult Task, for they are above half Man and Wife already.

Bell. How so?

Jocu. Because they are always abusing one another; so Matrimony will be only a proper License to do it for the future.

Bell. 'Tis no uncommon thing indeed for People to rally one another into Matrimony, and I'm apt to think that will be their Case.

Grati.

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Grati. I make no question of accomplishing it if you'll lend your Assistance in the Way I shall direct.

Focu. I am for you, my Lord, tho' it cost me ten Nights Watching, and ten Meals fasting.

Delia. And I, my Lord, to the utmost.

Grati. What say you, Daughter?

Lucil. I'll do any modest Office, my Lord, to help my Cousin to a good Husband.

Bell. And *Protheus* will make no bad one, I'll answer for him.

Grati. I'll teach you how to humour your Cousin, that she shall fall in love with him— and I, with your Helps, will so practise on *Protheus* that, in spite of his quick Wit and queasy Stomach, he shall dote upon *Liberia*—— Come in with me, Daughter, and you Lord *Bellarion*, and I'll acquaint you with my Intention. [Exeunt.

Enter BYRON and GREMIO.

Byron. Are we again disappointed then!

Grem. Again, my Lord.

Byron. *Gratiano* still lives it seems!

Grem. He does indeed, my Lord.

Byron. Revenge live with him! and the Lord *Bellarion* shall marry his Daughter, hey? This Match shall be— goes it not so?

Grem. Yes, my Lord, if we can't cross it.

Byron. Any Bar, any Cross, any Impediment will be Medicine to me: I am sick of Abhorrence to the whole Crew of 'em, and any thing that thwarts their Inclinations will tally with mine— but which way is it to be done?

Grem. Not honestly, my Lord, but so cunningly that no Dishonesty shall be suffer'd to appear.

Byron. That's enough; no body now-a-days aims at more— 'tis the Mask, not the Meaning that's now regarded— Leaden Coin, if it be but well gilt, goes as current as the best— and a successful piece of Villany loses its Name, for the whole World immediately stile it a Vertue.

Grem. Since 'tis so, my Lord, those that will flinch at any thing to gain their Ends deserve to suffer for it.

Byron. True— for what have People to do with Vertue and Merit in an Age where they are sure to starve by meddling with 'em! Vice and Folly, united, is at present the reigning Fashion. [Gremio exits]

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Grem. And a Fashion that every body runs into as fast as they can.

Byron. The World's in the right on't, and ev'ry one that knows the World ought to give into it— and therefore tell me quickly by what Piece of Villany I can bring about my Revenge.

Grem. I think I told you, my Lord, some time ago how much I am in the good Graces of *Delia*, *Lucilia*'s Favourite, who always lies in the same Apartment with her.

Byron. What of that?

Grem. I can prevail on her to discourse with me at a midnight Hour out of her Lady's Chamber-Window—

Byron. Suppose so— but what then?

Grem. The Poison of that lies in you to temper: Go you to the Lord *Bellarion*, tell him that he wrongs his Honour in marrying such a contaminated Wanton as *Lucilia*.

Byron. What Proof shall I make of that?

Grem. Proof enough to deceive *Bellarion*, ruin *Lucilia*, and kill your Brother— D'ye want any thing more?

Byron. No, that would be even beyond the Vanity of my Wishes.

Grem. Go then this Evening to *Bellarion*, tell him that you know he's greatly impos'd on, and that *Lucilia* confers Favours even on your Slave: He'll not believe this without Evidence; tell him he shall have it; and that no less than seeing her, hearing her converse with him at midnight from her Chamber-Window; hear *Gremio* call her *Lucilia*, and she call him *Gremio*, (for on some specious Pretence or other I'll prevail on *Delia* to discourse under such a Disguise.) Tell him he shall have Proof of it this very Night; in the mean time I'll go find out *Delia*, and prepare her for the Business.

Byron. O' my Word this bears the Face of going well.

Grem. Fear it not— I'll so fashion the Matter that Jealousy shall be call'd Assurance, and all the Business overthrown at once.

Byron. Let the Consequence be what it may, I'll put it in practice— be thou but cunning in the working—

Grem. Be you but constant in the Accusation, and my Cunning shall not disgrace me.

Byron. I'll reward thee beyond thy Wishes, if thou dost but enable me to accomplish my Purpose.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

D

S C E N E

SCENE *a Garden.**Enter* PROTHEUS.

Proth. I do much wonder that one Man, seeing how much another is a Fool when he gives himself up to Love, will, after he has laugh'd at such Follies in others, become the Subject of his own Scorn by doing the same — Just such a Man is this Lord *Bellario*: I have known when there was no Musick with him but the Drum and the Fife, and now will he sit expiring at the Squeak of a Fiddle or an Eunuch's Pipe: I have known when he would have slept on the cold Ground in a good Coat of Mail, and now will he lie on a Down-Bed ten Nights awake devising the Fashion of a new Doublet. May I be so transformed while I see with these Eyes! I cannot tell, I think not: I will not be sworn indeed, but Love may transform me into a Muscicle but till it has made me as lifeless as a Muscicle it shall never make me such an Oaf. One Woman is fair, yet I am well — another is wise, yet I am well; another is virtuous, I still am well — but till all Graces join in one Woman no Woman shall be join'd to me. Noble she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll have none so virtuous, or I'll not cheapen her; handsome, or I'll never look on her; very young, of rare Discretion, and her Hair shall be of what Colour it pleases Heaven — Now that there never was, nor ever will be such a Woman is beyond a Question, and therefore that I never shall be in love is out of dispute. O here comes the Duke and Monsieur *Love*; I'll retire into this Arbour and hear their Conference.

Enter GRATIANO, BELLARIO, and JOCULO.

Grati. See there he sits in yonder fragrant Bower, Where spreading Woodbines, ripen'd by the Sun, Forbid the Sun to enter — like to Favourites Made proud by Princes, who advance their Pride Against that Power that rais'd it.

Jocu. Ay, he's close in his Covert, we'll give the Fox his Pennyworth. — But let us go a little nearer tho', that he may lose none of the Bait.

Bell. What was you saying to me this Morning, my Lord, that the Lady *Liberia* had an Affection for Lord *Protheus*?

Grati. I was saying so, my Lord.

Bell. I never thought that Lady would have been fond of any Man.

Grati.

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Grati. Nor I neither, but 'tis most wonderful that she should so dote on this *Protheus*, whom she has always seem'd to hold in contempt— but that she does dote on him most excessively is certain.

Proth. Is it possible! sits the Wind in that Corner?

Bell. Perhaps she only counterfeits a Passion.

Jocu. Like enough, I'gad.

Grati. There was never Counterfeit came so near the Life then.

Bell. What Marks doth she shew of it?

Jocu. Bait the Hook well--- the Gudgeon will bite, I see that.

Grati. What Marks, my Lord? Why, she will sit you, she will sit you— You heard my Daughter say how, *Joculo*.

Jocu. Ay, so I did, indeed, I shall never forget it— She'll be up twenty Times a Night, and there will she sit, without any Clothes on, 'till she have wrote a whole Sheet of Paper.

Grati. Ay, my Daughter told us all.

Jocu. When she comes to read it over she finds *Protheus'* Name in ev'ry Line; then she tears it into a thousand Pieces, and rails at her self in such a manner— What, says she, shall I who have encounter'd him so long with Scorn fall in love with him at last! —I measure him, says she, by my own Spirit; for if he was to grow fond of me I should trample over him to the Grave; nay, tho' I love him I should, and he would as certainly serve me the same.

Bell. You astonish me; I thought her Heart had been invincible.

Jocu. After this down she falls upon her Knees, sighs, sobs, beats her Breast, tears her Hair, prays, cries--- Heav'n give me Patience! O sweet *Protheus*!

Grati. She doth indeed, and her Extasy carries her sometimes so far that my Daughter is afraid what the Consequence may be.

Proth. I should think this a Gull now, but that the white-bearded Fellow speaks it— Knavery cannot sure hide it self in so much Reverence.

Bell. I think Lord *Protheus* should be made acquainted with it for fear of any bad Event.

Jocu. O lack-a-day, my Lord, he'd only make a Jest of it if he was, and torment the poor Creature worse.

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Bell. Why then it would be a Merit to hang the Rogue; such an excellent Girl as that is.

Jocu. She's a little Cabinet of Perfections; fair, young, prudent, virtuous, genteel, good-natur'd, chearful, witty and wife.

Grati. Wise in every thing, but loving this *Protheus*.

Bell. O, my Lord, Wisdom and Blood combating in so youthful a Breast we have ten Proofs to one that Blood gets the Victory— However let us tell *Protheus* of it, and see how he'll behave.

Grati. Should we, think you?

Jocu. No, I think not, no by no means, no— for I'm certain she would die sooner than let her Affection be known to him, or than bate a Breath of her usual Rallery at him.

Bell. That's well judg'd—for if she was to give the least way, that Lord has such a haughty insolent Spirit, he would use her with Contempt for it.

Grati. 'Tis a pity, for the Man has a great many valuable Accomplishments.

Jocu. Yes, a jolly graceful Man, and very valiant, I assure you— Nay, and wise too, as you may see in his Management of Quarrels; for he either avoids 'em with great Discretion, or undertakes 'em with a prudent Fear.

Proth. Soh, Soh! how finely I am decypher'd by this Rascal.

Grati. However let us say nothing to him of this Affair, let her even try to wear it out.

Jocu. Ah poor Soul! that's impossible— she'll wear her Heart out first.

Grati. Well, we'll hear farther of it; let it rest for the present. Come, my Lord, shall we walk?

Jocu. If he does not dote on her by this time I'll consent to be skinn'd.

Grati. The same Net must be spread for her which your Mistress, *Delia*, and your self, *Joculo*, must manage: The Diversion will be when they hold an Opinion of one another's Affection— that's the Scene that I would see— Come, let's be gone, and give him a breathing time.

Jocu. He's full up to the Chin, half choak'd I'll engage for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

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Enter PROTHEUS.

Proth. This can be no Trick, the Conference was seriously born, and they have the Truth of it from *Lucilia*. Love me! why it must be requited; I hear how I'm censur'd: They say I'll behave proudly if I perceive her Inclinations; they say too that she'll rather die than give any Sign of her Affection—— I did never think to marry— I must not seem proud— Happy are they that hear their Faults, and put 'em to mending— They say the Lady's fair—'tis a Truth; and virtuous—she is so; and wise, but for loving me— By my Troth that's no Addition to her Wisdom, nor any great Argument of her Folly, for I'll be horribly in love with her. I may chance to have some odd Quirps and Remnants of Wit broken on me, because I have rail'd at Matrimony so long; but shall Quirps and Sentences, and those Paper-Bullets of the Brain frighten a Man from his Humour? No, the World must be peopl'd: When I said I would die a Batchelor I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd. O here comes *Liberia*, by this Light she's a beautiful Lady— I spy some Marks of Love in her already.

Enter LIBERIA.

Lib. What alone in Contemplation, Lord *Protheus*?

Proth. Yes, Fair Lady.

Lib. The Banquet is ready yonder, and they wait for you; you'll make better use of your Time if you'll go there.

Proth. Fair Lady, I thank you for the Pains you have taken to give me that Information.

Lib. I took no more Pains for those Thanks than you took pains to thank me: If it had been painful I would not have done it.

Proth. You took Pleasure then, sweet *Liberia*, in doing it, hope.

Lib. Just as much as you may take upon a Knife's Point, and choke a Daw withal.

Proth. [*Aside.*] Hum— there's a double Meaning in what she says: *I took no more Pains for those Thanks than you took pains to thank me* — That's so much as to say any Pains that I take for you is as easy as Thanks.—— I'll try her a little further.

Lib. Well, your Servant, my Lord.

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Proth. Why in so much Haste, sweet Lady, can't you throw away a few of your cheerful Moments on me?

Lib. Hey! what does the Man mean? [*Aside.*] What was that you was saying, my Lord?

Proth. I should be glad methinks to know, Madam, upon what Account your Ladyship's Rallery on me has been so exceedingly tart of late; sure, fair Lady, I am not deserving of such Treatment.

Lib. Sir!— The Man's turn'd Fool sure. [*Aside.*]

Proth. You find nothing in my Person I hope, *Liberia*

Lib. Oh no, nothing at all— but Faults from Head to Foot

Proth. What my Leg's too big, I'll warrant.

Lib. No, 'tis too little.

Proth. As to my Face.

Lib. Oh, 'tis a mighty fair one.

Proth. Nay, there you're out, *Liberia*, for 'tis a black one I'll be sworn. But Pearls indeed are fair, and 'tis an old Saying, that black Men are Pearls in beauteous Ladies Sight— But you can find no Fault with my Eyes, I presume.

Lib. Oh, my Lord, there's no objecting to them, they are so violently bright—that I could never bear to look at 'em.

Proth. A crafty Gipsy! she's playing her Part, and endeavours to conceal her Affection from me— However, fair Lady, I hope my Discourse is agreeable to you.

Lib. Your Discourse— um— Why, but very indifferent when you talk of War.

Proth. But much so when I discourse of Love, my fair one.

Lib. Ay— but much more so when you hold your Tongue.

Proth. [*Aside.*] Lying Wanton— As to my Valour you cannot make no doubt of that, Lady?

Lib. None at all— for I know it to be Cowardise.

Proth. [*Aside.*] This is nothing but Artifice, and convinces me more than any thing that what I overheard is true. But then as to my Possessions— them you don't consider, *Liberia*

Lib. Ay, but I do tho' and pity 'em too.

Proth. Why so, fair Lady?

Lib. Because they've got such a scurvy Owner— And farewel, Sir— and thank Heav'n you have one Friend in the World that's honest enough to let you know what you are

[*Exit*]

Proth.

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Proth. What am I to think of this now! 'Tis but an indifferent Mark of her liking me that she finds nothing in me but what she dislikes— But hold, I'm mistaken there— Women are never particular in publicly railing at a Man, unless they have a private Inclination for him— Right! 'tis therefore neither more nor less than flat raving Love of my Person. Ay, her Passion for me appears in ev'ry Look and Word— If I do not take Pity of thee I'm a Villain, if I do not love thee I'm a Jew. [Exit.

SCENE changes to another Part of the Garden.

Enter LIBERIA.

Lib. I abhor the Thoughts of committing Matrimony so much, that I can't endure the Preparation even for another— The Court within is full of nothing but Taylors, Tire-Women, Perfumers, Lace-Men, and Confectioners— I'm glad I've got out of the Croud. I'll e'en divert my self with a Song to drive Wedlock out of my Head.

A I R I.

*Sigh no more, Virgins, sigh no more,
Men were Deceivers ever;
One Foot in Sea, and t'other on Shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and merry,
Converting ev'ry Note of Woe,
To hey down, derry, derry.*

*Sing no more Ditties, sing no more
Of Tales so dull and heavy,
The Frauds of Men were ever sore,
Since Summer first was 'leasy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and merry,
Converting ev'ry Note of Woe,
To hey down, derry, derry.*

How still this Evening is! as if hush'd on purpose to give a Grace to Harmony. Hey ho! I'm in a very pensive mood at present— How the Duce came I so? my Heart is generally

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so brisk that my Tongue can't keep Pace with it, and yet now 'tis so sluggish I can scarce drag it along. Psha, here comes my Cousin; I'll get into this Grotto out o' the Way, or else I shall be pester'd with Nonsense about her Match to-morrow.

Enter LUCILIA, DELIA, and JOCULO.

Delia. See yonder, Madam, where *Liberia* runs, close to the Ground as a Lapwing, to get from us into the Grotto.

Lucil. The sweetest Angling is to see the Fish Cut with her golden Oars the Silver Stream, And greedily devour the treacherous Bait; So angle we for her.

Jocu. Begin then, Madam, pray begin; for I long to be at it.

Lucil. What is it you say of my Cousin, *Delia*? No truly, she's too disdainful; I know how coy and wild her Temper is.

Jocu. But harkye, Mrs. *Delia*, is it certain that Lord *Prothero* is so desperately in love with her as you say?

Lucil. *Joculo*, I know 'tis so; both my Father and *Bellaris* declar'd it to me.

Delia. And did not they desire you'd make your Cousin acquainted with it, Madam?

Lucil. They did; but I persuaded 'em, if they had any Regard for their Friend, to advise him to conquer his Affection; for Nature never fram'd a Heart of such proud Stuff as *Liberia's* is made of; then she's so vain, so fond of her own Wit and her own Person that she regards nothing else; she can never love another she's so much enamour'd with herself.

Jocu. That's true enough, indeed; I never saw the Man yet, however great or deserving, but that she would spell him backward: If fair-fac'd, she'd swear the Gentleman should be her Sister; if black, that Nature had made a Blot; if tall, he was a Halbert ill-headed; if short, a Truncheon without any Head at all; if talkative, a *Vane* blown with every Wind; and if silent, why a Block moved by none. In this manner she takes pleasure to turn every Man the wrong-side out.

Delia. There's no great Virtue, I think, in so much Severity.

Jocu. True, Madam *Delia*; but when People have no other Employment for their Time but Talking, and have neither Good-sense enough to talk wise things, nor Good-nature e-

nough

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nough to talk innocent ones — why they must deal in Scandal merely to be doing.

Lib. Thou insolent Varlet!

Lucil. But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, she'd mock me into Air, laugh me out of myself, press me to death with Wit; therefore I would counsel Lord *Protheus* to struggle with his Passion.

Jocu. Stalk on, stalk on, the Fowl sits. — Shall I go then to Lord *Protheus*, Madam, and talk with him about it? I know her Ladyship's Humour well enough; I can give him a surfeit of her, I'll engage. — What a blessed Life a poor Dog of a Husband must lead with that insolent, ungovernable Spirit of hers! 'Slife! I'd as soon be marry'd to an *English* Woman of Quality.

Lib. Very well, Rascal! a pretty Character the Rogue has given of me.

Lucil. I love my Cousin well, and wish she would modestly examine herself, and see how worthy an Offer is made her. Come, *Delia*, let's go in and see that all things are in order for to-morrow.

Jocu. She's taken, I warrant her; we shall have rare laughing to see how she'll struggle in the Net.

[*Exeunt Lucilia and Delia, Jocu* stands aside.

LIBERIA from the Grotto.

Lib. 'Slife! what a Fire is in my Ears! Can this possibly be true? Is Lord *Protheus* really so desperately in Love with me? He certainly is, I recollect a thousand Circumstances now that convince me of it. Psha! how blind was I not to see it before! And do I stand condemn'd so much for Pride and Ill-nature then? If so, Contempt farewell, I've tortur'd the poor Creature long enough in Conscience. — There's one thing I am glad of; they all allow him to have a great deal of Merit. — Why truly, now I consider the thing, I'm o' the same Mind; I have been a little too cruel; he must have been in a world of Anguish, poor Wretch! [*Seeing Jocu*.] Oh *Jocu*, come hither, I wanted to speak with thee.

Jocu. Your Servant, Madam.

Lib. Harkye, *Jocu*, hast thou heard Lord *Protheus* talk of me lately?

Jocu.

Focu. Oho! is your Ladyship thereabouts? But I'll be with you. [*Aside.*] — Did you say any thing to me, Madam?

Lib. Yes, Sir, I did.

Focu. I beg Pardon, Madam, I'm unfortunately given to a kind of Deafness, which comes very often upon me all of a sudden. — But what was your Ladyship pleas'd to say, Madam?

Lib. I only ask'd if you had heard Lord *Protheus* talk of me lately.

Focu. O! yes, yes, Madam; yes, yes, that I have indeed.

Lib. But when, when?

Focu. This very Morning, Madam.

Lib. This very Morning!

Focu. Ay; I saw him and the Duke you must know, Madam, in woundy earnest Conversation together; the little smattering of Curiosity that I have in my Constitution tempted me to listen to what they were saying, when I soon found your Ladyship was the Subject.

Lib. [*Aside.*] Soh! now 'twill come out, I suppose. — And in what manner did he talk of me?

Focu. Would you have me tell you, Madam?

Lib. Why not?

Focu. Nay, I don't know why not — it may offend you, perhaps.

Lib. Um! he thinks I shall be offended at hearing that *Protheus* loves me. [*Aside.*] — Offend me! no, not in the least.

Focu. And you'll promise not to be angry with me for repeating it?

Lib. I will.

Focu. Why then I found, Madam, they had been talking something about Matrimony; and whether the Duke had propos'd a Match between him and your Ladyship or not, I can't tell; but —

Lib. But what —

Focu. Why he swore —

Lib. What did he swear?

Focu. That he'd sooner marry an *Egyptian* Crocodile.

Lib. How!

Focu. Yes. — That the Venom of a Viper was mere Balsam to your Ladyship's Spleen; and that a Man had better have

a whole Nest of Hornets about his Ears, than stand the Sting of your persecuting Tongue.

Lib. 'Tis false, he dare not say so.

Jocu. Upon my Honour, and the Dignity of my Office, but he did tho', Madam. — I know very well, said he — remember, Madam, 'tis Lord *Protheus* that's speaking, not I. — I know very well, said he, that the Gipsy has a mind to me, and would give her Eyes to get my Heart in Exchange, but Honesty holds out, said he, and bids her Defiance.

Lib. Oh! I see what the Rascal is at now. [*Aside.*] — Very well, Sir, be pleas'd to go on; but pray come a little nearer, that I may hear it, for I'm given to the same kind of Deafness that you are.

Jocu. I'll speak louder, Madam. — Upon this, Madam, the Duke made answer, That he could not but think you had some good Qualities.

Lib. The Duke said so, did he?

Jocu. Yes, Madam.

Lib. Very well, proceed pray.

Jocu. You mean, Lord *Protheus* must proceed; 'tisn't I, you know, Madam.

Lib. Ay, ay, Lord *Protheus* then.

Jocu. Yes, yes, said he, she has most excellent Qualities. — You know his bluff manner of speaking, Madam. — Most excellent Qualities, indeed, said he; she has Beauty by the Grain, and Vanity by the Hundred-weight; Wit so light that it won't turn a Scale, but Ill-nature beyond all Weight and Measure; a Heart scantily enough furnish'd with any thing good, but most abundantly stock'd with Pride and Disdain. — And then she's such a Spitfire, such a Spitfire, said he, that whoever comes within reach of her is in danger of losing an Ear at least.

Lib. [*Giving him a Box o' the Ear.*] That you may witness for him.

Jocu. 'Sbud! Madam, 'twas not I that said it; and so I told you, but you would not remember it. — I'll tell you no more for that, now.

Lib. Get out of my Sight this Moment, Rascal, or I'll order somebody to gather a Twig and hang thee up upon yonder Willow.

Jocu. I believe you had better do that Office for yourself, Madam; you are pretty nigh Willow-ripe by this time, I fancy. — Your

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— Your humble Servant, Madam. — If you should think fit to take a Swing, I'll be sure to write an Elegy on you.

[Exit.

Lib. I'll make thee suffer most swingingly for this Sauciness. — The Rogue has provok'd me, tho' I know there's no Truth in what he said. No, 'tis plain that *Protheus* loves me. --- Well, since the Stars will have it so, love on, Lord *Protheus*, and I'll requite your Passion.

A I R.

*A Heart young and tender
Is made to surrender,
That Fair One's a Traitor who flies Love's Alarms;
For the greater her Beauty,
The greater's her Duty
To Cupid, from whom she receives all her Charms.* [Exit.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *A Platform before the Palace.*

Enter BELLARIO, BYRON, and LUCENTIUS,
with Torches.

Bell. **L**ORD *Byron*, what you say cannot be true;
I'd sooner think that Nature's Self could err,
Than She so cold, so chaste, and so reserv'd.

Byron. You may think it all Chimera, if you please, Sir. You may think too, that 'tis not out of regard for you that I inform you of it: Let that appear hereafter, and esteem me such as I shall prove. As for my Brother I know he values you highly, and has forwarded this Match out of pure Affection to you: Alas! he knows not what a false Serpent he so long has nurs'd to sting his very Heart.

Lucen. Is it possible *Lucilia* should be the base Wretch you represent her, Lord *Byron*? If so, I have not liv'd long enough to know any thing at all of Womankind yet.

Byron.

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Byron. There's no Term bad enough to paint out her Treachery; wonder not till farther Proof; 'tis now the very Hour of their meeting, the Time that I with these astonish'd Ears heard appointed for it. Come but with me to a proper Place, and you shall see her Chamber-Window enter'd even the Night before her Wedding-Day: See but this, and then afterwards marry her, if you choose it.

Bell. Can this be so? I will not think it.

Byron. Nay, if you dare not trust what you see, go back again and confess not what you have heard. If you'll follow me, I'll shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Bell. If I should see — but sure I can't, *Lucentius*;

If I should see, what I am told, to-night,
To-morrow at the Fane, where I should wed her.
I'll publicly proclaim the monstrous Action.

Lucen. And as I endeavour'd to obtain her for you, my Lord, I'll join with you to disgrace her.

Byron. I will blast her no farther till you are my Witnesses: They would call that Malice, Spite and Craft in me, what in you can be nothing but strong Conviction and just Resentment. — Come on, or else you'll let the Hour be past.

Bell. I would it were. — *Byron*, I cannot go,
Something has rivetted me sure to Earth;
And if my Legs may falter, and be chang'd
From their own natural Use, why mayn't my Eyes too?

Byron. 'Tis true, my Lord, I therefore would advise you not to go: You'll not believe even what you can't help seeing, and that will only aggravate your Torment. — I wish I had conceal'd this cruel Mischief, then you might have been at rest, and ne'er have known it.

Bell. No, *Byron*, I am not so mean a Wretch
To clothe myself in false Security,
And bear my Shame with Smiles. — Alas, *Lucentius*,
How greatly doth this Spring of Love resemble
Th' uncertain Glory of an *April-Day*,
Which now with unpal'd Rays revives the Heart,
And the next Moment pours a Tempest on us!

Byron. The Time now serves not for Delay; come on, if you will go — if not —

Bell.

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Bell. I dare not go.

Byron. Why then, farewell.

[*Going.*

Bell. *Byron*, come back; I'll go

To prove her true, and your Aspersions false.

Byron. Come, come; leave that till you have seen the Sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PORCO, ASINO, and several Watch.

Asino. Gentlemen, answer to your Names: Are you all good Men, and true?

Porco. I hope so, seeing they are chosen for the Duke's Watch.

Asino. Well, give them their Charge, Neighbour, now the Night is almost over.

Porco. I will do it, Neighbour *Asino*, for I love giving Charges; and harkye, Gentlemen, you must all desire me to print it when I have done, for my Labours are all intended for the Good of my Country. But first, who think you the most disartless Man, Neighbour, to carry the Lanthorn now we are going home?

Asino. Why Foundling *Hugh*; for he, you know, can write and read.

Porco. Come hither, *Hugh*. — To be a well-favour'd Man is the Gift of Fortune, but to write and read comes by Nature. — You must comprehend all Vagrants whatsoever, except it be the Duke's Players, mark me that; for their Business is one of your Oſturnal Professions, and therefore touch not them, unless you happen to see 'em stroling by Day-light. — You are likewise to bid any Man stand in the Duke's Name.

Asino. But suppose he will not stand, Neighbour *Porco*.

Porco. Why then let him go, and thank Heaven that you are rid of a Knave. — You must also make no Noise in the Streets, for 'tis not right that the Watch should babble and talk.

I Watch. Noa, noa, Master Constable, we'll make no Noise, we'll only take a quiet Nap; we'd rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Porco. Ay, ay, you speak like a most ancient and quiet Watchman; for I cannot see how Sleeping can offend any one.

I Watch. Why i'facks, Master Constable, I have had a kind of a drowsy Lethary, as they call it, hanging upon me for these many

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many Years, and being disabled thereby to get my Livelihood, the Parish made me a Watchman, an please you.

Porco. Good, good; a very proper Post for a Man that can never keep himself awake. Well, well, sleep on your Belly-full, honest Fellow. — But let me see, when did these two new Faces come into the Fratarnatary?

1 Watch. This is the first Night they have been upon Duty, an please you.

Porco. And what was you made Watchman for?

2 Watch. Because I had got a Reumasie, an please you, and had lost the Use of both my Arms.

Porco. A good Reason. — And you, Friend?

3 Watch. Because I ha' the Gout, an please you, and I can scarce stond o' my Legs.

Porco. Very well, very well; so you make just one Man between you; that's enough, that's enough. — In the next Place you are to call at all the Publick-houses, and bid them that are drunk get 'em to Bed.

Asino. How if they will not, Neighbour?

Porco. Why let 'em stay till they are sober; and if they make no other Answer then, you may say they are not the Men you took 'em for.

1 Watch. Ay, ay.

Porco. If you meet a Street-robber, House-breaker, or Pick-pocket, you may suspect him by virtue of your Office to be no honest Man; and for such kind of Men the less you meddle or make with 'em the better.

Asino. What, Neighbour *Porco*, if they know him to be a Thief than't they lay hold of him?

Porco. Why by the Statue made and prolong'd in that Case, they may; but the most peaceable way, if you do take a Thief, is to let him shew himself what he is, and *steal* out of your Company.

Asino. Why you have been always reckon'd a merciful Man, Neighbour, that I'll say for you.

Porco. Why truly, I would not hang a Dog by my Will; I hate the very Thoughts of Hanging, for I was once, Neighbour, nigh being hang'd myself.

Asino. And how came you off, Neighbour?

Porco.

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Porco. By having an Office at Court ——— for Courtiers, you know, are never hang'd; they always save one another, Neighbour. — But one Word more, Neighbours; watch diligently about the Palace here, for the Wedding being this Morning there's a great deal to do. But who are these that are coming here?

Afino. Why they are two of our People that have been upon the Scout, and I see they have fasten'd their Fists upon somebody.

Enter two Watchmen, holding GREMIO.

Porco. Well, Gentlemen, who have you got there? Bring him before us.

Watch. We have recover'd, an please you, Mr. Constable, one of the horriblest Pieces of Traytorism that ever was hatch'd.

Porco. Oho! come, come, let me examine into it — I'll soon get to the bottom of it; for I'm as good at Examination, Neighbour, as at giving of Charges, as you shall see: Do you write down the Examination on your Hat. ——— In the first Place What is your Name, Sirrah?

Grem. I am a Gentleman, Sir, and my Name is *Gremio*.

Porco. Write down, Mr. Gentleman *Gremio*. — *Watch.* come forth; I charge you, in the Duke's Name, accuse this Man.

Watch. An please you, Master Constable, we overheard this Man talking with Lord *Byron*, who is a very great Villain, an please you.

Porco. Write down, *Lord Byron a Villain*. — What did they talk of?

Watch. Why of a Contrivance they had been practising to ruin our good Duke's Daughter, and to accuse her wrongfully, which this Prisoner had been the Author of, and for which he was to have a power of Mony, an please you.

Porco. Flat Perjury! horrible Blurglary as ever was committed!

Grem. [*Aside.*] I have brought myself into a fine Condition here. — Harkye, old Fellow, let's hear no more of your Folly and Impertinence; take this and say nothing; I'll —

Porco. Why you insolent Varlet, would you corrupt the Constable of the Watch? This is *Scandalum Magnation*. —

Pray

Pray stand a little further off, I don't like thy Looks: It is prov'd that you and your Master are both of you false Knaves. How answer you for your self? As for your Master, he's above our Recognizant.

Grem. Why I say, I'm none, Sir.

Porco. A marvellous witty Fellow, I do assure you. — Have you writ down that *he's no Knave*?

Grem. Fellow, thou art an Ass.

Porco. Write that down; write me down an *Ass* immediately. Thou shalt suffer for this, Fellow. — Abuse a Man that is an Officer in the Watch; and which is more, an Householder; and which is more, a Man that knows the Statues! — Remember, Neighbour *Asino*, that I am an Ass. — Go to, Fellow, thou art a superlatate Villain, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good Witness. — You han't forgot to write me down an *Ass*? — Come, let us away with him to the Watch-house, bind him Neck and Heels, and then carry his Examination to the Duke. — I am heartily glad that I am writ down an *Ass*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a Dressing-Room in Lucilia's Apartment.

LUCILIA and DELIA.

Lucil. Pr'ythee, *Delia*, take away thy impertinent Fingers; I'm sick of Dressing, and will be plagu'd no longer.

Delia. Troth, Madam, I think your other Suit would have been better; and I'll warrant your Cousin will say so.

Lucil. My Cousin's a Fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Delia. I like the Cut of this Sleeve prodigiously, 'tis something quite new; Lady *Liberia's* Gown that was prais'd so much is a mere Night-Gown to this; Cloth of Gold and Tossels, and lac'd with Silver, set with Brillants, Down-Sleeves, Side-Sleeves and Skirts, and a Fringe half a Yard deep round the Train. — But for a delicate, nice, elegant, courtly, novel Fancy, yours is worth ten on't.

Lucil. Heav'n give me Joy to wear it, for I'm sure my Heart is uncommonly heavy under it.

E

Enter

Enter LIBERIA.

Cousin, Good-morrow.

Lib. Good-morrow, my Dear; you seem to speak in the sick Tune, Child.

Lucil. I'm out of all other Tune, I think; and yet I know not why.

Lib. I am not quite what I use to be, myself. — My Head has been full of the oddest Megrimms ever since Yesterday.

Lucil. Have a care, my Dear, that's a kind of Love-Symptom.

Lib. If it prove so I'll swear that you have infected me.

Lucil. [*Afide.*] I know that — witness the Grotto.

Lib. But come, my Dear, your fatal Hour's at hand; 'tis time you were ready. — O' my troth I'm exceeding ill. — Heigh ho!

Delia. Well, Fortune send every one their Heart's Desire. — You may think perhaps that I imagine you are in Love, Madam. — No, 'tis impossible that ever can be after what I have heard you say on the Subject; and yet Lord *Protheus* was just such another; but now he's become a Man, and boldly enters the Lists; and how you may be alter'd I know not, but you seem to look with your Eyes as other Women do.

Lib. How long have you wore Apprehension, *Delia*?

Delia. Ever since Yesterday that you cast it off, Madam.

Lib. What a Pace doth thy Tongue keep!

Delia. Not a false Gallop, as you are convinc'd, Madam.

Lib. O' my Conscience I'm afraid not, *Delia*.

A I R.

*Love's Power a while I did despise,
And scorn'd the fond Desire;
But ah! how ill a Heart of Ice
Resists a Dart of Fire.*

*So gentle is the amorous Chain,
So tempting Cupid's Lure,
I hug the Bondage, court the Pain,
And only dread a Cure.*

Lucil.

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Lucil. I thank you, my Dear, for this kind Entertainment; but all thy Mirth and Musick can't dispel the Gloom that hangs about my Heart; however, *Liberia*, let us venture to the Temple: I'm now prepar'd to be made a Sacrifice.

Lib. Ah! never fear, my Dear, you'll meet with a merciful Priest in *Bellarion*: Let me see you but come off with Triumph, and then I won't swear that——nothing at all——I won't think on't.——Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.]

Enter GRATIANO, PORCO, and ASINO.

Grati. What would you have with me, honest Friends?

Porco. An please your Highness I would have Confidence with you that concerns you nearly.

Grati. Be plain and brief then, for I'm call'd away.

Porco. Why the Case is this, an please your Highness.

Asino. Yes, indeed it is, an please your Highness.

Grati. What, what is it?

Porco. Why, Neighbour *Asino* here will interrupt me——He's an old Man, Sir, and his Wits are not quite so ready as 'twere to be wish'd; but in troth he's as honest as the Skin between his Brows.

Asino. Yes, Thanks be prais'd, I'm as honest a Mon as any Mon living, that's an old Mon, and no honeſter than I.

Porco. Comparisons are odorous, Neighbour.

Grati. You are too tedious; I must leave you, if you won't let me know your Business directly.

Porco. Why, an please your Highness, if I was as tedious as a King, I could find in my Heart to bestow it all on your Honour.

Grati. All thy Tediouſness on me, Friend, Hah!

Porco. Yea, and twice a thousand times more.

Grati. I am not to know then what you have to say.

Asino. Why, an please your Highness, our Watch to-night have taken as arrant an Knave as any in the Kingdom, excepting your Highness's Prefence.

Porco. Ah, good old Man, Sir!——He will be talking, as they say——*When Age is in, the Wit's out.*——Well, he's a good Man, in troth he is, as ever broke Bread; but all Men are not alike; 'tis a strange World that we live in, Heaven help us all!

Grati. Fare thee well, Friend, thou never hadst thy like, I believe.

Porco. One Word more, and I have done speaking for ever, an please your Highness. — Our Watch have indeed comprehended an auspicious Person, and I would have him brought before your Highness this Morning.

Grati. Secure him, Friend, 'till I am more at leisure; you shall have Notice.

Porco. Your Highness speaks like a most thankful and reverend Brother Magistrate.

Grati. Now then for the Temple,
And there accomplish all my Wishes aim at:
Shine but this Nuptial Morn propitious to me,
Let that one fragrant Flow'r the Gods have giv'n me,
Transplanted from my Garden, find a Soil
Still more indulgent, if 'tis possible;
Grant me but this — then, Fortune, I'll discharge thee.

[Exit Gratiano.

Porco. Well, his Highness is a most worthy Gentleman; he's a Ruler that's like a Ruler, Neighbour; he never grudges hearing or speaking to do right to his poor Dependants; believe me, Neighbour, 'tis a blessed time with honest Folks when they have got a Duke that loves his People.

Asino. But don't all Rulers love their People, Neighbour?

Porco. Oh dear Heart, dear Heart! Neighbour, you are older than I, but not half so wise, I see that. — All Rulers love their People! why how should they, when most of 'em never see a Score of 'em in their Lives? No, no, they love the Fleece of the Flock, but for the poor Sheep themselves —

Asino. Not all Rulers love their People! they must be foolish Rulers indeed!

Porco. Well, we live in better Times, we have none of those Doings now; but I have known formerly, Neighbour — but no matter for that — since our Governor is loving let us be dutiful, and go and secure this false Traitor effectually, that he may'nt escape.

Asino. I'll follow you, Neighbour.

Porco.

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Porco. And yet methinks I'm a little sorry for the Rascal too, he'll certainly be committed, and I abhor the Thoughts of a *Mittimus* ever since I was committed my self. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to a Church; Priests at the Altar.*

GRATIANO, BELLARIO *in Mourning*, BYRON, LUCENTIUS, PROTHEUS, LUCILIA, LIBERIA, &c.

Grati. What means, young Lord, that Fun'ral Garb to day? It suits but ill the Splendor of our Court, Which shines in all its Pomp to grace your Nuptials.

Bell. My Lord, the Nuptial and the Fun'ral Rites Are sometimes not so different in their Nature, But the same Sable may besit them both.

Here 'tis not so indeed. — Howe'er, *Lucilia*, I hope you'll pardon this peculiar Humour.

If the Heart's fair, no matter for the Drefs.

Grati. Come, Sir, begin the Rites. — [To the Priest.

Bell. First, by your Leave, Sir,

I ask you, if with free and honest Soul You give your Daughter, this fair spotless Virgin, To be the dear Partaker of my Fortune, The pure untainted Partner of my Breast?

Grati. As freely, Sir, as Heaven did give her me.

Bell. And what have I to give you back, whose Worth Can counterpoise this rich, this precious Gift?

Byron. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Bell. My Lord, you learn me just Retaliation:

There, *Gratiano*, take her back again;

Give not this blemish'd Brilliant to your Friend: She's but the Sign and Semblance of her Honour.

Behold, how like a Virgin's are her Blushes:

O what a Lustre! what a Mask of Truth

Can artful Vice fair-robe itself withal!

Comes not that Blood as modest Evidence

To witness blameless Virtue? Would you think,

All you that gaze upon her, would you think

She's false to Honour? But 'tis true, too true;

She knows the Heat of a luxurious Bed;

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Her Blush is Guiltiness, not Modesty.

Grati. What do you mean, my Lord?

Bell. Not to be marry'd ———

Not join my Soul to an abandon'd Wanton.

Grati. My Lord, if you yourself have wrong'd her Virtue,
And vanquish'd the Resistance of her Youth ———

Bell. I know what you would say. ——— No, *Gratiano*,
I never tempted her with Word too large,
But shew'd her, like a Brother to his Sister,
Bashful Sincerity and comely Love.

Lucil. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you, Sir?

Bell. You seem'd to me as *Dian* in her Orb,
As chaste as is the Rose ere it be blown :
But you are more intemp'rate in your Blood
Than ——— what I will not say. ——— Go, go, *Lucilia*.

Lucil. Heav'ns! are you well, my Lord? Whence comes
this Phrensy?

Grati. Are these things said? or is it all a Dream?

Byron. Yes, Sir, these things are said, and they are true:
I wish 'twere but a Dream.

Bell. Sir, stand I here?

Is this your Brother? that the sage *Lucentius*?
And are our Eyes and Ears our own? ——— Then tell me
If that is not *Lucilia*, that your Daughter?

Grati. All this is so. ——— But what of this, my Lord?

Bell. Let me then move one Question to that Daughter.
What Man was he with whom, at last Night's Noon,
You talk'd so freely from your Chamber-Window?
If you have Honour left, answer to this.

Lucil. I talk'd! talk'd with a Man! talk'd from my Window
At dead of Night! ——— The Charge is so confounding,
So base, so false, that I can make no Answer.

Bell. Why then you have no Honour left, *Lucilia*.
I'm sorry, Sir, that you must hear this Tale:
My self, your Brother, and this good old Man
Did hear her, see her at that Time last Night,
Talk with a Pander from her Chamber-Window:
Who, like a lib'ral Villain, hath confess'd
The many vile Encounters they have had.

Byron.

Byron. Forbear, my Lord, it is not to be nam'd;
There is not Chastity enough in Language,
Without Offence, to speak it. ——— *O Lucilia!*

My Soul is griev'd to think of thy Behaviour.

Lucil. Good Heavens defend me! how am I beset!

Bell. O what a Pearl, fair Falshood, hadst thou been,
If half thy outward Graces had been plac'd
About the Thoughts and Counsels of thy Heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, Adieu;
For thee I'll lock up all the Gates of Love,
And on my Eyelids shall Suspicion reign,
To turn all Beauty into Thoughts of Mischief.

Grati. Hath no Man's Dagger here a Point for me?

Lucil. Thou art not, sure, that Monster thou dost seem!
'Tis but to try how much I can forbear.

Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,
When love of Freedom struggled in my Breast,
And Nature prompted me to live a Virgin,
Broke all those Vows to be thus basely treated;
To have my Fame, unspotted 'till this Moment,
Be fully'd, injur'd, ruin'd thus by thee.

I need no Dagger's Point — burst, burst, my Heart:
O welcome Death to cover my Dishonour. [*Faints.*

Lib. Hah! Death indeed. ——— Help, Uncle; help, Lord

Protheus.

Byron. Let us be gone, my Lord; her Shame discover'd
Smothers her Spirits up.

Bell. Oh fatal Hour! ———

Byron. Oh fatal Plague, if 'twere not thus prevented.

[*Exeunt Bell. Byr. and Lucen.*

Grati. O Fate! take not away thy heavy Hand,
Death is the fairest Cover for her Shame,
To wrap her Crimes in everlasting Night.

Lib. How is it, Cousin?

Proth. Have Comfort, Lady.

Grati. Dost thou look up?

Proth. And wherefore should she not?

Grati. Wherefore! why doth not every earthly thing
Cry Shame upon her? Could she here deny

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The Story that is printed in her Blood?
 Oh! do not live, do not lift up thy Eyes;
 I want thee not. ——— Griev'd I, I had but one?
 Chid I, for this, at frugal Nature's Frame?
 I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
 Why wast thou ever lovely in my Eyes?
 Why had I not with charitable Hand
 Took up a Beggar's Issue at my Gates?
 Who, thus defil'd, and cloath'd with Infamy,
 I might have said — *No Part of it is mine.*
 But mine! and mine I lov'd! and mine I prais'd!
 And mine that I was fond of! Mine so much
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her ——— why she ——— O! she is fall'n
 Into a Pit of such black Infamy,
 The Sea hath Drops too few to wash her clean,
 And Salt too little which may Season give
 To her foul tainted Fame.

Lib. Good Sir, be patient,
 I'll pledge my Life my Cousin is defam'd.

Grati. Lady, Were you her Bedfellow last Night?

Lib. Until last Night, my Lord, I always have been.

Grati. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O that is stronger made,
 Which was before barr'd up with Ribs of Iron.
 Would they all lye? and would *Bellario* lye
 Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her Foulness
 Wash'd it with Tears? ——— Hence from her, let her die.

Proth. I have observ'd her all the time, my Lord;
 I mark'd a thousand blushing Apparitions
 Glow in her Face, a thousand harmless Shames,
 In Angel Whiteness, bear away those Blushes;
 And in her Eyes appear'd a gen'rous Fire,
 Which spoke her guiltless of the Crime she's charg'd with.

Lib. What Man is that you are accus'd of, Cousin?

Lucil. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
 If I know more of any Man alive,
 Than that which Virgin-Modesty may warrant,
 Let ev'ry Curse light on me. — Oh, my Father!
 Prove you that any Man with me convers'd

At Hours indecent; or that Yester-night
I from my Window talk'd with any Creature,
Reject me, hate me, torture me to Death.

Lib. Psha! 'tis all Madness, Villany, or Error.

Proth. Two of 'em are renown'd for nicest Honour,
And if they lie under some vile Delusion
The Author may be guess'd — your Brother *Byron*,
Whose very Soul is kept alive by Mischief.

Grati. I know not. — If they speak but Truth of her
These Hands shall crush her. — If they wrong her Honour,
The proudest of 'em all shall hear they've done it:
Time hath not yet so dry'd this Blood of mine,
Nor Iron Age so prey'd on my Invention,
Nor Fortune made such Havock of my Wealth,
Nor my bad Life so rest me of my Friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a sort,
Both Strength of Limb and Policy of Mind,
Ability of Power, and choice of Friends
To quit me of 'em throughly. —

Proth. Pause a little,
And yield to my Advice: The Lady here
Was left by them as dead; let her a while
Be kept conceal'd, and publish she is dead:
Then will she be lamented and excus'd
By those who now condemn her; for 'tis certain
That what we have we prize not to the Worth,
While we enjoy it; but if once 'tis lost,
Why then we rack the Value, then we find
The Virtue which Possession would not shew us
While it was ours. —

Thus it will happen to the fond *Bellarion*;
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his Words,
Then, if Love e'er had Interest in his Heart,
He'll mourn, and wish he had not so accus'd her,
And toil to find from whence his Error sprang.
Let this be so, and doubt not of Success.

Grati. My Lord, your Counsel's Medicine to my Soul!
Come, Daughter, I will still believe thee injur'd,
And shrink at nought to justify thy Fame.

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For O! a dawning Hope glows in my Breast,
And something whispers we shall still be blest;
That this short Morning-Gloom shall break away,
And leave more clear, more heav'nly bright the Day. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

PROTHEUS, LIBERIA.

Proth. SOH, fair Lady, have you been weeping all this while?

Lib. Yes, and I'll weep a while longer.

Proth. But that I don't desire.

Lib. You have no Reason, I'll do it freely.

Proth. I am verily convinc'd that your Cousin has been wrong'd.

Lib. Ah! what might the Man deserve of me that would right her.

Proth. Is there any Way a Man can do it?

Lib. Yes, some Men might do it for my Sake— tho' I know that you are not one of them.

Proth. Why so, sweet Lady?— there's nothing in the World could so soon tempt me to do it, because there's nothing in the World I love so well— Is not that strange now?

Lib. So strange, that 'twere as possible for me to say I lov'd nothing so well as you— But don't believe me if ever I should say so— I'm sorry for my Cousin, that's all.

Proth. By my Sword, *Liberia*, I do love thee cruelly.

Lib. You protest from your Heart that you do really love me.

Proth. You have my Heart so entirely that I have none of it left to protest with.

Lib. But how shall I be sure of this?

Proth. Try me any way, command me any thing.

Lib. Kill *Bellarion*.

Proth. How!

Lib. Nay, farewell then— love me— yes— you love your

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own dear Carcase indeed — 'tis highly worth preserving I must own.

Proth. But sweet Lady, stay a Moment.

Lib. Indeed I won't —

Proth. Let us be Friends before we part.

Lib. Yes, you dare easier be Friends with me than fight my Enemy.

Proth. Is *Bellario* your Enemy?

Lib. Is not he a Villain that has slander'd my Cousin? O that I were a Man! What play the Hypocrite till they came to join Hands, and then with publick Scorn, with blackest Rancour — O Vengeance that I were a Man! I would eat his Heart in the Market-Place.

Proth. Well, but Lady —

Lib. Talk with a Man from her Chamber-Window, indeed! a likely Story truly!

Proth. But hear me, Lady —

Lib. I tell you she's slander'd, she's wrong'd, she's ruin'd.

Proth. Well, I say so, but —

Lib. A Lord indeed! a goodly Lord, a sweet Galant, o' my Word! O that I wore a Sword for his Sake! or that I knew any Man who would use it for my Sake! But Manhood is melted into supple Curtesy, and Valour into pitiful Compliment; Men are turn'd into nothing but Tongue, and he's as brave as *Hercules* that only tells a Lye and swears to't — Well, I can't be a Man with wishing, therefore I'll die a Woman with vexing.

Proth. Sweet *Liberia* stay; by this Hand I love thee.

Lib. Use it for my Love, then, some other way than swearing by it.

Proth. Do you think in your Soul that *Bellario* has wrong'd your Cousin?

Lib. As sure as I have either Thought or Soul.

Proth. Enough, I'm engag'd — He shall render me strict Account for this Behaviour: Go, fair Lady, comfort your Cousin, and tell her who's her Champion. As you hear of me, so think of me.

Lib. Right, now you say somewhat, Lord *Protheus* — when you talk like a Man you talk like what a Woman values. If ever I change my Life for any one, it shall be for one who would venture his own for me.

Proth.

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Proth. That Sentence has whetted my Sword; I'll make *Bellarion*, within this half Hour, either forswear all he has said, or he shall never be able to say or swear any thing again: But before we part, lest we should never meet again, pray tell me for which of my *bad* Parts you first fell in love with me?

Lib. Fell in love with you!

Proth. Yes, fell in love with me, for that you are in love with me, fair *Liberia*, is out of Question—I would therefore fain know which of my *bad* Parts was the Occasion of it.

Lib. All of 'em together, which contain so close a Union of Evil that they'll admit no good Part to mingle with 'em—but for which of my *good* Parts did you first suffer Love for me?

Proth. Suffer Love,—a good Phrase!—I do suffer Love indeed, for I love thee in spite of my Heart.

Lib. Alas poor Heart! if you spite it for my Sake I'll spite it for yours, for I'll never love that which my Friend hates.

Proth. You and I are too wise, Lady, to love peaceably, find.

Lib. What you say is no sign of Wisdom—There's not a wise Man in twenty that will praise himself.

Proth. Alas, Lady, if a Man in this Age don't erect his own Tomb before he dies, he shall live no longer in Monuments than the Bell rings, and the Widow weeps.

Lib. That's just one Hour in Noise, and one quarter of an Hour in Tears.

Proth. True, therefore 'tis more expedient for the Wise to be Trumpet to his own Virtues; if *Don Worm* his Conscience, find no Impediment to the contrary—So much for praising my self, and now I'll go and prove that I am Praised worthy.

Lib. Fare you well—But don't have an Ague-Fit now when you come to the Proof; and be sure you get you a new Sword for the Purpose, for I'll pawn my Life that the old one won't part with the Scabbard.

[Exit]

GRATIANO *solus*, in a melancholy Posture. [Slow Music]

That Strain again—it had a dying Fall:
O it came o'er my Ear like the sweet South

Breath

Breathing upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving Fragrance—— 'twill not do;
 Alas no Comfort can delight my Ear,
 But such a one whose Wrongs doth match with mine.
 Bring me a Father that so lov'd his Child,
 Whose Joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And let *Him* speak of Patience, count his Woe,
 And let it answer every Strain for Strain.
 But there is no such Man; for all are prompt
 To offer Consolation to that Grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but once they taste it,
 That Counsel turns to Passion, which before
 Would give instructive Medicine to Rage.
 No, no, 'tis all Mens Office to speak Patience
 To those who wring under the Load of Sorrow,
 But no Man's Virtue to behave so moral
 When he himself endures the like Disaster.
 My Soul informs me that my Child is slander'd;
 And that this Lord shall know—— so shall my Brother.

Enter BELLARIO and LUCENTIUS crossing the Stage.

O here comes one—— 'tis well—— Stay, stay, my Lord,
 I must have Justice done ere you go.

Bell. Why, who has wrong'd thee?

Grati. Thou, thou base Dissembler.

Nay, never lay thy Hand upon thy Sword,
 I fear thee not.

Bell. I would not give thee Fear.

My Hand, good Sir, meant nothing to my Sword.

Grati. I speak not under Privilege of Age,
 Nor like a Dotard—— Know then, to thy Face,
 Thou hast so wrong'd my guiltless Child and me,
 That I am forc'd to lay my Reverence by,
 And dare thee to the Trial of a Man.

I say thou hast bely'd my spotless Daughter;
 Thy Calumny hath seiz'd her very Life,
 And sent her basely in her *May* of Youth,
 O! to a Tomb where Scandal never slept
 Ere this contriv'd by thy malicious Tongue.

Bell. Contriv'd by me!

Grati. By thee, vile Man, by thee.

Lucen.

Breathin

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Lucen. You say not right, my Lord.

Grati. Old Man, old Man,

I'll prove it on his Body if he dare,

Spite of his Bloom of Age and active Practice.

Bell. Away, and know I scorn so mean an Action.

Grati. D'ye think to daunt me— thou hast kill'd my Child;
Then kill me, Boy, and thou wilt kill a Man.

Bell. Gratiano, I would not awake your Patience,
My Heart is plung'd in Anguish for *Lucilia*.

But O, my Lord, she was accus'd of nothing
But what was true, too true, and full of Proof.

Grati. My Lord, my Lord—

Bell. I will not hear you now.

Grati. Not hear me now, but o' my Soul, you must;
What interrupted! well, 'tis all the same!

I'll find a Time, ere Sleep shall close these Eyes

I'll find a Time, young Lord, that you shall hear me. [*Exit*]

Enter PORCO and ASINO bringing in Gremio bound.

Bell. Hah! who is this? the Author of my Ruin, thus bound
and guarded?

Porco. Come you along, Sir, come you along, if Justice
cannot tame you she shall never weigh Reason in her Scales again.

Lucen. Enquire, my Lord, what Crime he has committed,
something may come from this—

Bell. Officers, what Offence has this Man done?

Porco. An please you, Sir, he has committed false Reports
moreover he has spoken Untruths; Secondly, he is a Slanderer;
Thirdly, he has sworn false things; and Lastly, he is a
lying Rascal, an please your Honour.

Bell. Answer me, *Gremio*, whom have you offended that
you are thus secur'd?— This wise Fellow is much too cunning
to be understood!

Grem. My Lord, I'll readily confess my Villany— hear
me, and then kill me— I have deceiv'd even your Eyes—
What your Wisdom could not discover these shallow Fools
have brought to light, who in the Morning overheard me talking
with Lord *Byron* of the Business we had been engag'd in
that Night, which was to defame *Lucilia*, and break off your
Match— That you was brought by *Byron's* Contrivance to
see and hear me make Addresses to *Delia*, under the Name

nd in the Dress of *Lucilia*; by which means you were deter-
min'd to refuse the Match, and disgrace her in publick— This
piece of Knavery they have in Writing, which I had rather
deal with my Death than repeat over to my Shame— The
poor Lady, I hear, is dead upon mine and my Master's false
accusation; I therefore own my self a Villain, and expect no-
thing but the Reward of one.

Bell. No more; unless the next Word thou dost speak
Have some malignant Influence o'er my Life;
If so, O breathe it quickly in my Ear,
That I no longer may be curst with Being,
For ev'ry Thought's a Dagger to my Soul.

Lucen. But did Lord *Byron* spur thee on to this?

Grem. He did, and paid me richly for it too.

Bell. O Monster! I will make thee rue this Treachery;
Where shall I find the Villain— where—

[*Exit* *Grem.* Learning, my Lord, that I was apprehended, he is
bound. it seems this Morning; but where is unknown.

Porco. True, an please your Honour; one of our Officers is
s bound. now acquainting his Highness with the whole Affair.

Enter GRATIANO.

Grati. Which is the Villain? let me see his Eyes,
Justic. That when I note another Man like him
es again. may avoid the Monster— Which is he?
mitted,

Grem. Look on me, Sir, if you would know the Wretch.

Grati. Art thou? art thou the Slave that by thy Guile
Report. hast slain my Child.
s a Slave
he is

Grem. Yes, Sir, 'twas I alone.

Grati. No, not so, Villain, thou bely'st thy self.
ded that ere stand a Pair of honourable Men,
too cur. third is fled, that had a noble Share in't.

— hear thank you, Sirs, for my poor Daughter's Death;
Eyes— record it with your high and worthy Deeds,
w Fool. was bravely, justly, gloriously done.

Bell. I know not what to say, yet I must speak,
me talk. cannot hope your Patience— yet must ask it.

ngag'd *Lucilia!* now thy Image doth appear
off you the bright Lustre that I lov'd it first;
ivance to
e Name
and

And

And ev'ry lovely Organ of thy Life
 Comes cloath'd in a diviner, fairer Habit,
 More moving, delicate, and full of Life,
 Into the Eye and Prospect of my Soul,
 Than when you liv'd indeed—— Come, good old Man,
 Revenge, revenge your injur'd Daughter's Cause,
 And I will help thee to augment the Torture;
 Yet all my Crime was but a fatal Error.

Grati. You cannot call my Daughter back to Life,
 And what besides is Recompense to me?
 However this I pray you, publish straight
 How innocent she dy'd; and if your Love
 Can furnish out an Incense to her Mem'ry,
 Let it be fix'd upon her Monument.

Bell. O I will keep this Day for ever sacred;
 And yearly at the Charmer's hallow'd Tomb
 Attend with solemn penitential Rites,
 To own my Rashness and her Innocence.

Grati. Then hear me more— My Brother left a Daughter
 Almost the Copy of my Child that's dead,
 And she is now sole Heir to my Possessions;
 Give her the Right you should have giv'n her Cousin,
 And so dies my Revenge——

Bell. O cruel Mercy!
 This is Revenge indeed—— O *Gratiano!* [*Falling at his Feet*
 This generous Offer makes me more a Wretch
 Than all the Deaths your Rage could have contriv'd:
 Lay any other Chastisement upon me,
 And I will bend beneath the righteous Weight,
 And bless the Hands that minister the Torture.
 But what! to wed another! hold, my Heart,
 Now dear *Lucilia's* lost—— to wed another!
 Impossible; my Soul starts back with Horror,
 And Nature shudders at the very Sound.

Grat. 'Tis well, I find your Readiness, young Lord,
 To yield me Satisfaction—— but, observe me,
 One Hour I'll wait your final Resolution;
 Grant my Demand, or Death shall be the Forfeit.

The while bring you this monstrous Villain on, [*To the W*

That I may make him instantly confront
The female Slave who leagu'd in this Contrivance.

[*Exeunt Gratiano, Gremio, &c. remain Bellario and Lucen.*]

Bell. [*Musing.*] And why not Death rather than living Torment?

To die is to be banish'd from my self.

Lucilia was my self—— banish'd from her

Is self from self—— O fatal Banishment!

Unless *Lucilia's* by me in the Night

There is no Musick in the Nightingale,

Unless I view *Lucilia* in the Day

All Nature is a beamless Blank to me.

What Light is Light now those fair Suns are set?

What Joy is Joy, now those sweet Smiles are ceas'd?

Unless I could but think that she's alive,

And feed upon the Shadow of Perfection.

But 'twill not do, *Lucentius*—— all is lost,

For Death hath starv'd the Roses in her Cheeks,

And pinch'd the Lilly-Tincture of her Face.

Lucen. Cease to lament for what you cannot help.

Bell. O! I have fed upon this Woe already,

And now Excess of it will make me surfeit;

Yes, I must still lament, still curse my Folly,

For barely doubting one so fair, so chaste,

So grac'd with every Angel-like Perfection,

Could be corrupted—— Madness to reflect

On what a Sea of melting Pearls she shed,

From her bright Eyes, to quench my flaming Fury;

Wringing her Hands, whose Whiteness so became them

As if but now they wax'd thus pale with Woe.

But neither Virgin Blush, pure Hands held up,

Deep struggling Sighs, nor Silver-shedding Tears

Could penetrate this base remorseless Breast.

Lucen. The Duke, my Lord, attends your Resolution;

You have but one Hour giv'n to make your Choice.

Bell. I have no Choice to make—— Death is my Portion,

Lucilia claims my Life.—— But then the Father!

What Compensation will he find in that?

Oh my distracted Brain!—— Help, help, *Lucentius*,

To calm this warring Tempest in my Soul.

Come, lead me to my Fate; and as we go

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Learn me what Form of Wretchedness to fix on,
For I have only Misery to choose in;
And such should be that selfcurst bankrupt's Doom,
Who madly squander'd so divine a Treasure.

[Exeunt]

Enter JOCULO, follow'd by DELIA weeping.

Jocu. No, I won't, I won't indeed, *Delia*.

Delia. Nay, dear *Joculo*, stay.

Jocu. No, I tell you.

Delia. But one Moment.

Jocu. No such thing.

Delia. Cruel Man, how can you be so hard-hearted?

Jocu. I should only plague you with my impertinent Clack; you had better go to your favourite *Gremio*, he'll delight you with his melodious Whistle. [Aside.] The Tables are turn'd a little; 'tis our Time now, and I'll try if I can't play the Comedian as well as the greatest of 'em.

Delia. Only hear my Request, *Joculo*, and then do as you will.

Jocu. Well, I vouchsafe to lend an Ear.

Delia. I know the Interest you have with *Lucilia*; pr'ythee *Joculo*, intercede for me with her.

Jocu. Hey?

Delia. I was ignorantly seduc'd into this villainous Plot.

Jocu. Um——

Delia. Without being at all acquainted with the Design, *Gremio* himself has declar'd.

Jocu. Ah poor *Gremio*, I hope they han't laid his sweet Tongue in Fetters as well as his Heels.

Delia. And my Heart will burst unless *Lucilia* be reconcil'd to me again.

[Weeping]

Jocu. Ha, ha, ha!

Delia. And therefore I conjure thee, *Joculo*, that thou wouldst——

Jocu. Ha, ha, ha!

Delia. Nay, if nothing else will prevail on thee to pity me I'll put an end to my Misery, and see if my Death will make thee——

Jocu. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Delia. Barbarous Monster!

Jocu. Why, I want the Reputation of having a Woman for Love of me, *Delia*; and if you would but tuck up yourself, upon this Occasion, ev'ry body would swear 'twas Love of me.

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Delia. And then you inhumanly refuse, *Foculo*, to comply with my Desire.

Focu. Why now, *Delia*, do you know what 'tis you are asking of me?— You here are a disgrac'd Favourite, and d'ye think one that's a Courtier will be foolish enough to take your Part? No, no, I'gad, once any one is turn'd out of the Herd we all join, like true Stags, and help to demolish him. While you was in Place, *Delia*, I was your most affectionate Friend, and most sincere obedient humble Slave—but now you are out, and can neither do me Service nor Dis-service— Yours, Mrs. *Delia*, yours, yours.

[*Walks about carelessly, taking a Pinch of Snuff.*]

Delia. Very well, *Foculo*! it did not use to be so— this is a Change I little expected!

Focu. A Change, my Dear— Lack-a-day, would not you have me like the rest of the World? Why there's a general *Metamorphosis* thro' the Land; this is the Age of *reversing*, Child. All Ranks, Stations and Professions are turn'd topsy-turvy.

Delia. Hah!—

Focu. Nay, 'tis very true, my Dear, why an't many of our mighty Nobles, and sage Senators, pray, turn'd Rooks, Pimps and Jockies, and fix'd it as the highest Mark of Honour never to be honest, as the Plume of Politeness never to keep their Word, and as the Standard of Quality never to be qualify'd for any thing at all— except it be Pensions and Places, hey Child!

Delia. Very well, Sir.

Focu. Then your Soldiers are half of 'em turn'd Fiddlers and Morrice-Dancers, because fighting is now quite foreign to the Profession; whilst Priests are turn'd Play-Wrights, and preach from the Stage, because 'tis unfashionable to go to hear 'em at Church.

Delia. Um— strange indeed!

Focu. Physicians are turn'd Collectors of Flies and Cockle-shells, because the whole Country choose to die by the Hand of a single Quack— As for your Lawyers and Politicians—

Delia. What of them? good Sir.

Focu. O, most of them will never change; they'll cheat and plunder on.

Delia. Very well, Sir— pray go on.

Focu. Then your fine Gentlemen are turn'd Monkeys and Starlings,

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Starlings, and will out-ape and out-chatter e'er a one of 'em, whilst your fine Ladies are—— 'tis no matter what— you need not be told that, Madam.

Delia. Very pretty, indeed!

Focu. So you see, Child, the World is a little alter'd; other People are chang'd as well as I: However, *Delia*, there is one thing that I don't know but my abundant Good-nature may prevail on me to do for thee.

Delia. What is that?

Focu. Why, I suppose you have warm'd your self pretty well, as we all do while the Sun shines; laid in a little Provision against a rainy Day, hey *Delia*?— Now a Fellow-feeling in that, join'd, as I was saying, to my own excessive Good-nature might engage me, if not to endeavour to bring you in favour again, yet at least to secure your Retreat.

Delia. No, Fool, if I was drove to that I should not descend so low as thee; the highest of all will condescend to a job on such Considerations.

Focu. And the lowest of us all will do it on no other— so that from the highest to the lowest we Courtiers are true to our Principles at least— But hark'e, Child, I can put you in a way of gaining your Point upon easier Terms, perhaps. You Ladies, Madam *Delia*, have another sort of Bribe, which sometimes does more at Court than even Money it self, and which you'd more willingly part with, I believe— let me see, [*turning her round.*] about the Age of twenty-four: Um, that's too far gone, ~~either~~ too far, twenty would have been fifty *per Cent.* at least better— black Eyes, very well— brown Hair, good— a Forehead rather too low, no great matter — a Chin prettily dimpl'd enough, Um—a little too short in the Wasse, and something too thick in the Shoulders, Hah, there must be good Allowance made for that—but then a Hand as white as a Lilly, and Lips as red as a Rose; but let's try if they are as sweet too. [*Kisses her.*] Hah, delicious Slut! no Primrose comes up to 'em; why they'll go farther than old Gold.

Delia. Well, *Foculo*, is your Heart any tenderer yet?

Focu. Yes, yes, 'tis tender enough now I'm sure; that Kiss has quite melted it down.

Delia. And then thou wilt interceed for me, hey?

Focu

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 69

Jocu. I will do any thing for thee; I will live in thy Eyes, die in thy Lap, and be bury'd in thy Heart.

Delia. Ay, ay; but that's not the thing: Will you go and endeavour at what I desired you?

Jocu. This Moment, and do it effectually. — But then you must promise me, *Delia*, that if I should happen to be desperately in Love with thee, as I have terrible Symptoms of it upon me at present, that you'll be grateful, Hussy, hey?

Delia. I promise thee every thing, dear *Joculo*.

Jocu. One more Kiss by way of Pledge. — Well, I'm gone. — Remember your Promise. [Exit.

Delia. Yes, till I have gain'd my Ends by it; and if I don't forget it then, I ought never to see the Inside of a Court again. [Exit.

SCENE changes to an Antichamber.

GRATIANO, BELLARIO, LUCENTIUS,
JOCULO, &c.

Grati. Well, Sir, have you resolv'd to make Atonement For the sad Fate of injur'd, poor *Lucilia*, By wedding instantly my Brother's Daughter, Unknown, unseen, with all her Imperfections?

Bell. I have resolv'd to live, and to be wretched, For Death would be too light a Penance for me: Take me, dispose of me which way you will, I here devote my self your Slave for ever.

Grati. Then I am paid; once more thou art my Friend: And see, they're here; now prove your Resolution.

Enter LUCILIA, LIBERIA, DELIA, &c. in Veils.

Bell. O thou most amiable injur'd Shade, Thou who dost still inhabit in my Breast, Look down and view the Anguish I endure! See me bereav'd of all my Soul held dear, Bereav'd of thee. — Then see me doom'd to bear — O worst of Tortures! — doom'd to wed another! Let This, sweet Spirit, let this Sight appease thee; Let these dire Suff'rings plead my Pardon with thee, And in some measure expiate my Crime.

Grati. Come, come, my Lord, you must delay no longer; Here,

70 THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

Here, take the Lady's Hand, and by your Honour
Oblige your self to wed her instantly.

Bell. Honour, my Lord! I then should have no Honour,
The very Grant would rob me of the Pledge:
But by my Shame, by my eternal Shame,
By my pernicious, rash, distracted Folly!
I vow that I will ——— what? I cannot speak it.
Here, *Gratiano*, take, take your Revenge,
I will no longer parley with my Fate. [*Opening his Bosom.*]

Grati. [*Aside.*] Brave gen'rous Man! I must not try him
farther,

My Heart bleeds for him. [*Weeping.*] Well, my Lord, I yield
That she may quit her Veil. ——— Now, view her well,
And if you now refuse ——— [*Lucilia unveils.*]

Bell. Hah! What, *Lucilia*!

Another fair *Lucilia*! ———

Lucil. Yes, another;

One dy'd disgrac'd by your injurious Passion,
Another lives to prove that Scandal false.

Grati. She dy'd, my Lord, but whilst her Slander liv'd.

Bell. Like a good Angel to a Wretch expiring,
Thy Presence beams sweet Comfort o'er my Soul.
O let me give a Loose to Joy. [*Running to embrace her.*]

Lucil. Hold, hold, my Lord; I must not trust you more,
You may again bring Wretchedness upon me;
And after I have once escap'd the Wreck,
Why should I prove the boisterous Main again?

Bell. O, your Reply's but just. ——— Yet know, *Lucilia*,
'Twas all Excess of Love, and curst Delusion:
My Shame and Guilt confound me. ——— But if Sorrow,
If hearty deep Contrition can atone,
Forgive my Rashness; 'tis the darling Pleasure
Of Heav'n, and heav'nly Minds, to deal out Mercy,
Where Penitence and Tears wash off the Crime.

Grati. Come, Daughter, you must now o'erlook this Error,
And yield your Hand a Pledge of your Forgiveness.

Lib. [*To Bellario and Lucilia.*] Heyday! what, keep aloof
still? Come, come, a Hand from each of you ——— be wife and
know your own Minds. [*Joining their Hands.*] There ———

'twere

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 71

'twere a pity two such good Friends should be Foes any longer.

Bell. Bear witness, Heav'n, I've all that I could wish.

[*Kissing her Hand.*]

Grati. Now Blessings on you both! May endless Joys,
Sweet Peace of Mind, and each Domestick Bliss
Crown all your Days, and prosper all your Actions!

Proth. 'Tis very well, I'm glad things fort as they do; other-
wise this Lady here had tied me down, Sir, to call you to ac-
count for your Misdemeanour.

Bell. I fanfy, Lord *Protheus*, you had more reason to call
the Lady herself to account; you are a greater Sufferer by her,
than by me.

Jocu. Ay, ay, he isn't as he has been, my Lord; he didn't
use to wear that *February* Face, and frozen Tongue.

Lib. I believe the poor Man has something at Heart; whether
it be Love, or not —

Bell. Hang him, a Truant, there's not one Drop of true Blood
in him; he's not capable of being in Love; if he's melancholy
he wants Mony.

Jocu. If he's not in Love there's no believing old Signs.

Lucil. What Marks are there of it, *Joculo*?

Jocu. O! special ones, Madam. — In the first place he
wanders about with his Arms lock'd up in one another, like a
discontented Patriot; then he sighs like a great Lady at the
Death of her Lap-Dog; is extremely fond of his own Com-
pany, but avoided by every one else, as if he had the Pestilence
upon him.

Bell. Then he has quite lost his Stomach I can witness.

Jocu. O! he can't get the least Morsel down. — He has a
Lump that rises in his Throat, I suppose.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lib. Poor Gentleman! he's strangely alter'd, that must be
confess'd: He us'd, when he laugh'd, to crow like a Cock;
when he walk'd, to walk like a Lion; and when he fasted,
'twas presently after Dinner. — But now — Well, he's to be pi-
tied, poor Soul.

Grati. Has any body seen him at the Perfumer's?

Jocu. No, but the Perfumer has been with him.

Lucil. I thought there was Civet in the Room.

Proth.

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Proth. Soh! I'm in a very pretty Situation here.

Bell. Besides he looks younger, methinks, by the Loss of a Beard.

Lib. Yes, the old Ornament of his Cheek is gone towards stuffing a Tennis-Ball.

Proth. [*Afide.*] She too join in the Laugh! But that's no more than 'twas said she would.

Focu. His jesting Spirit too has given him the slip, and he speaks as puling as a dieted Beau.

Grati. It can be nothing but Love. — However I know one that loves him too.

Bell. I should be glad to hear who.

Lib. One that does not know him, I'll be sworn.

Grati. Yes, and his wayward Humour; and yet, in spite of all, dies for Love of him.

Proth. Which is Lady *Liberia* in this Company, pray Sirs?

Lib. I answer to that Name. Your Will and Pleasure, sweet Lord *Protheus*? [*Curtfying.*]

Proth. Are not you She that's dying for my Person? Do not you love me exceedingly, fair Lady *Liberia*?

Lib. Who, I? why no; no more than I love Aukwardness and Ill-nature.

Proth. Why then your Uncle, *Bellarion* and *Foculo* have been deceiv'd here; for they swore you did.

Focu. Yes, i'gad, and I'll swear it again.

Lib. Very well: And pray, sweet Sir, are not you he that's dying for my Person? Do not you love me exceedingly, Lord *Protheus*?

Proth. Who, I? why no; no more than I love Pride and Pertness.

Lib. Why then my Cousin *Delia*, and *Foculo* have been deceiv'd, for they swore you did.

Focu. Ay, and I'm ready to swear that again too.

Proth. They declar'd positively that you must die if I did not return your Affection.

Lib. They swore that you was above half dead already.

Focu. Very true; 'tis all very true.

Lib. 'Tis no matter. — You are not in love with me, you say then.

Proth.

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 73

Proth. Um! why no; I hope I am not: Or if I am it's only out of Gratitude, because I knew that you were in love with me first.

Bell. Come, come, *Protheus*, no flinching; you are fairly lifted, and must not fly from your Colours; for here's a Paper written with your own Hand; a halting Sonnet of his own pure Brain made upon Lady *Liberia*.

Lucil. And here's another in my Cousin's Hand, which proves she has no great Aversion to Lord *Protheus*.

Proth. A Miracle! here's our own Hands against our Hearts. — Come, I will have thee; but by this Light I take thee out of pure Pity.

Lib. If I should ever yield 'twou'd be out of great Compassion, merely to save your Life; for I know you are in a galloping Consumption about it.

Proth. I will stop that inveterate Mouth of thine.

[Kisses her.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha! — How dost thou do, *Protheus*, the *Marry'd Man*?

Joc. Ay, now the two Bears won't bite one another when they meet again.

Proth. I'll tell thee what, *Bellarion*; a whole College of Wit-crackers shan't make me alter my Purpose. Dost thou think I care for a Satire, or an Epigram? No, if a Man will be beaten with Brains he shall wear nothing handsome about him. — Get marry'd thy self, get marry'd thy self; there's no Staff more reverend than one tipped with Horn.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha?

A I R.

Lib. O! what shall I do when I'm marry'd?

Alas! I can't sing, I'm so out of Breath: This Creature has given me such a Palpitation o' the Heart! *Delia*, you have seen the Song, and must relieve me in it. Begin again, Musick.

O! what shall I do when I'm marry'd?

Such Cares and Pains

In Wedlock Chains;

G

Such

74 THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

Such Bondage, who can bear it?

*Delia. What still inclin'd
To change your Mind?*

Lib. Yes — never to marry, I'll swear it.

O! what shall I do when I'm marry'd?

*Delia. Why sport and play
The live-long Day,
And every Night —*

Lib. ——— Oh horrid!

*Your Hand, my Dear;
I die for fear*

Of what I must do when I'm marry'd.

Proth. Come, come, we are all merry, and Friends; and so let's have a Dance before Marriage to lighten our own and our Partners Hearts. But first, that we may all be in the same Condition, and that this Rascal *Joculo* mayn't have room to exercise his Faculty upon us, I desire he may be cast into the Net himself.

Lucil. Come hither, *Delia*; I know *Joculo* has had an Eye of Affection upon you for some time; you must therefore take one another for Life; upon which Condition I pardon you your late Misdemeanour, and raise him to a higher Employment.

Jocu. Um — 'Tis but a scurvy Exchange tho', to leave off playing the Fool in Jest, in order to play it in downright Earnest.

Lib. That's the last Jest you are to make, *Joculo*.

Jocu. Ay, Madam, I shan't be in any great Humour to jest for the future: I shall be fitter to make Penitential Hymns, or Last Dying-Speeches.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Jocu. Come, give me thy Hand; I don't know how to refuse thee, neither. --- This same Signior *Cupid* makes Fools of People just as he pleases.

Delia. Why, to say the truth, I'm engag'd to another; but where Interest is concern'd, no body that belongs to a Court can ever be expected to keep their Word.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your Brother *Byron's* seiz'd in Flight, and kept strict guarded till your Pleasure's known.

Proth. Think not of him till to-morrow; I'll devise some rare Punishment for him. Now, Musick, strike up. [*A Dance here.*] Come, *Liberia*, we set out, most of us, in bitter Defiance to Love and Matrimony; and yet we have all been forc'd to surrender on Discretion: Why 'tis the highest Mark of Courage we cou'd possibly shew; 'tis a brave Lesson to the rest of the World; and I heartily wish, from our Example, that honourable Wedlock

May, spite of Rallery, once more come in Fashion;
Whilst Pride, Ambition, Av'rice fly the Nation,
And Love still reign the UNIVERSAL PASSION.

The End of the Fifth Act.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

SLIFE! what d'ye plague me with it — What can I say?

Why, Sirs, I beg you'll damn this stupid Play.

A lovely Spot of Work! — A precious Wight!

Here — you're to have no Epilogue to Night:

I've teiz'd, and teiz'd, above this Fortnight past,

To get me one — and what d'ye think — at last?

Out came a tedious, dull, pedantick Heap,

So like a Sermon — 'twon'd have made you sleep.

Lard! Sir, said I, why this will never do,

They'll pelt me off the Stage, and hoot at you:

Let 'em, cry'd he; I care not what they say,

No wanton Couplets shall pollute my Play:

G 2

What,

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O! what shall I do when I'm marry'd?

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G 2

What,

EPILOGUE.

*What, vend low Ribaldry for want of Sense,
And steal Applause at Modesty's Expence?
Not he, he swore — Heav'n's bless us! no, not swear it;
But Verbo Sacerdotis, did declare it.
Poor squeamish Wretch! — I'm sure I us'd all Means
To teach him better Things behind our Scenes;*

*I wanted to be wanton, pert, and witty,
Sneer at the Beaux, and Joke upon the City;
To you, Galants, a meaning Leer impart,
And smile a Hint to glad the Fair One's Heart;
With artful Shrugs Satirick Strokes convey,
And wink a Reputation clean away;
Then with this Standard boldly thus advance,
And rout the squeaking, skipping Troops of Italy and France,
Till the whole House should roar — That's fine, that's fine!
And clap me thundringly at every Line.
This had been something like. — But what, to cant,
And whine, and preach, and tell you that you an't
As good as you should be — Romantick Fool!
Criticks, I beg you'll send him back to School.*

*Besides, d'ye mark the Moral of his Aim,
That Love and Wedlock, truly, are the same;
Ay, may be so — O hideous, when we prove
That Marriage is the very Grave of Love;
Wedlock's like Prize-fighting — where the two Dears
Shake Hands, only to go, as it appears,
More lovingly together by the Ears.*

*Then Beaux and Belles, who know the Art of Loving,
And never wed but for a Cloke to roving,
Revenge my Cause, most heartily resent This,
And bring our Author in — Non compos mentis.*

F I N I S.

BOOKS lately Publish'd, and Sold by the Booksellers both of Town and Country.

In OCTAVO.

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The Effigies of P. Verbiest.

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The Attendance of the Viceroy of a Province whenever he appears in publick.

The various Habits of the Chinese and Tartars, viz. The Emperor of China in his Robes of State, and in his ordinary Dress. Mandarins of Letters in their Summer and Winter Habits. Chinese Mandarin of War. Tartarian Mandarin of War. A Bonze. A Countryman. Chinese Ladies. A Tartarian Lady. A Bonze's. A Maid Servant, A Countrywoman.

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The Procession at a Chinese Funeral.

A Draught of the Chinese Ships and other Vessels. An uncommon Method of Fishing, and catching Wild-Ducks.

Three Plates of the Chinese Money.

The whole Process of the Silk Manufactory, with the Management of Silk-worms.

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DAMON and PHILLIDA; a Ballad Opera. And
The TRAGEDY of TRAGEDIES; or, The Life and Death of **TOM THUMB the GREAT.** Both adorn'd with very Curious Frontispieces: As also the following

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The Universal Gallant; or, The Different Husbands.
 The Lottery.
 The Whim; or, The Miser's Retreat.
 A Farce.
 The Lover.
 The Coffee-House Politician; or, The Justice caught in his own Trap.
 The Temple Beau.
 The Dissembled Wanton; or, My Son gets Money.
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